The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone



- **Live While You Eat** – ***Frances Dunlap Heron***
- **More Helps for Home Teaching** – ***Margaret Clemens McDowell***

November 1950

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

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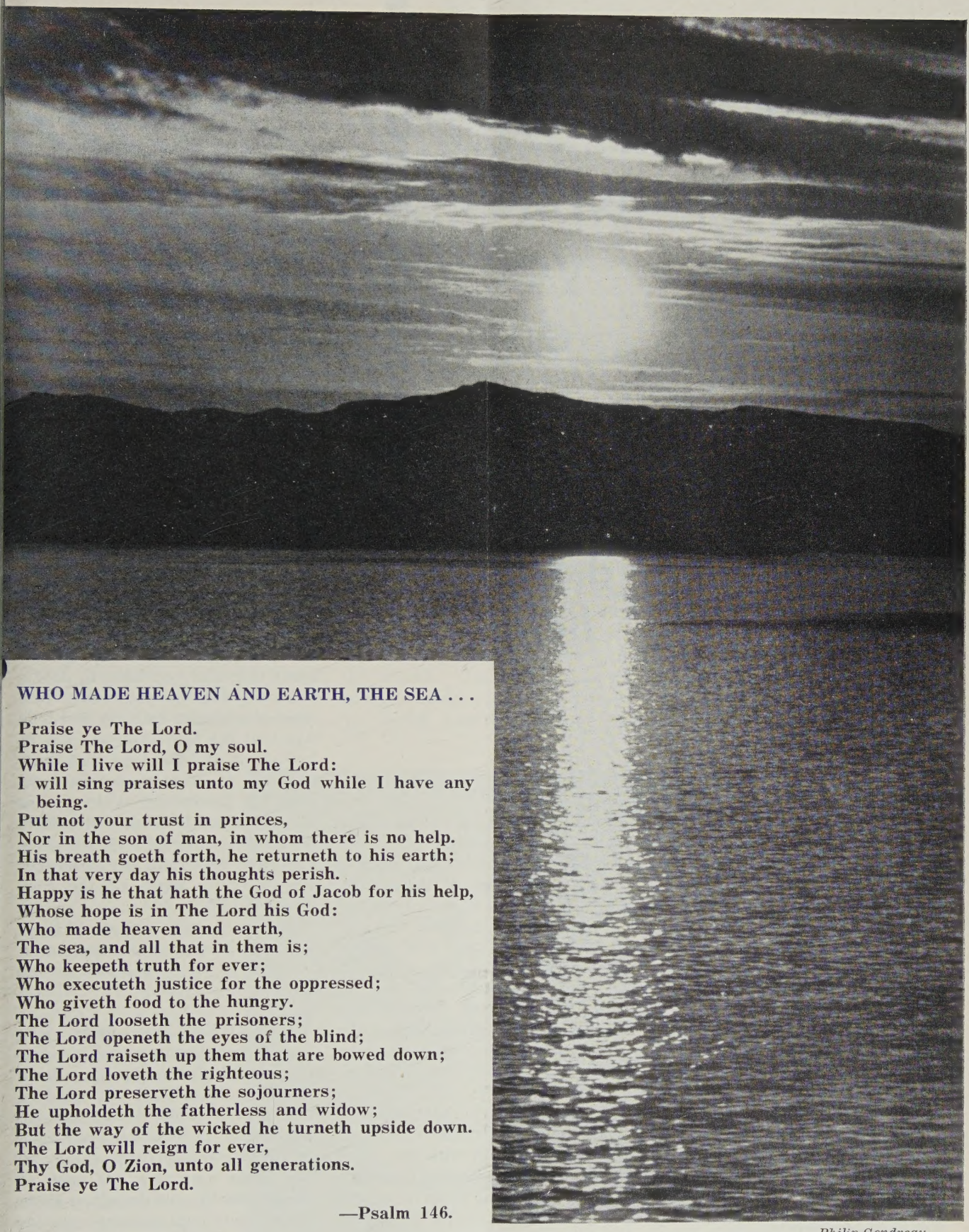
Fireside Chat . . .

Crisp winds and snow flurries, drumsticks and cranberry sauce—delightful combination! November's tangy weather goes hand in hand with not only Thanksgiving treats but with good food in general. However, no matter how delicious the food may be, the *atmosphere* of a mealtime determines its success. Frances Dunlap Heron, in her article "Live While You Eat," has brought us suggestions for making family mealtime as pleasant and important as it deserves to be.

The problem of too much leisure time, especially after retirement, is one with which most of us have to contend. To the man or woman who has left the business world, Mamie R. Krythe offers some very sound, workable advice.

No more buying elaborate toys that a little Johnny or Susie can shatter into bits in ten minutes and discard in favor of his mother's pots and pans, an old flower pot, or some of the other simple pleasures of life. "Toys for Tots" will tell you how easy it is to make toys that are well-nigh indestructible, brightly colored and simple enough to please any small child's heart.

We spend so much time in expounding on just what sort of children we want, and just what sort of people we believe good children should be, that only occasionally does someone take the trouble to consider how children feel about what sort of parents children want, and what sort of people good parents should be. The results of such an investigation are, however, more than overwhelming. With their characteristic candor, a cross section of New York's children replied to Dorothy Barclay's query on what they believed constituted a good parent. For a large slice of honesty that will give you smiles, chuckles (and an occasional foolish feeling) we recommend "What Children Say About Parents."



WHO MADE HEAVEN AND EARTH, THE SEA . . .

Praise ye The Lord.
Praise The Lord, O my soul.
While I live will I praise The Lord:
I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.
Put not your trust in princes,
Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.
His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth;
In that very day his thoughts perish.
Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,
Whose hope is in The Lord his God:
Who made heaven and earth,
The sea, and all that in them is;
Who keepeth truth for ever;
Who executeth justice for the oppressed;
Who giveth food to the hungry.
The Lord looseth the prisoners;
The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind;
The Lord raiseth up them that are bowed down;
The Lord loveth the righteous;
The Lord preserveth the sojourners;
He upholdeth the fatherless and widow;
But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.
The Lord will reign for ever,
Thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.
Praise ye The Lord.

—Psalm 146.

—Philip Gendreau.

A Word from The Word

LIVE while you eat

by frances dunlap heron

Make the most of supper time! It can be a pleasant period of fun and comradeship which draws you closer together.

HASTILY Mother stirs the flaked tuna into the cream sauce. That PTA meeting lasted so long! No time to fix the chop suey she'd planned. Dad would be home any minute. There, he is home! Now Junior and Sister launch their concerted bombardment to see who will win the comic section of the evening paper.

Dad looks unusually tired as he takes his chair at the head of the table. Perhaps it's the sight of the creamed tuna that makes his words of thanksgiving to the Almighty noticeably lukewarm.

"I thought we were going to have chop suey!" wails Junior. "We would have," replies Mother, "if we hadn't had such a long PTA meeting. You see we want to raise some money to fix up a lounge for the teachers. Madge Ross tried to sell the idea of each of us board members having seven other women come in for an afternoon of entertainment at our home, and then each guest paying the hostess fifty cents. I was against that. I said it would be better if we all went together and had one big entertainment and sold tickets. Josephine Talbott knows a speaker we could get who lectures on 'You Can Be Glamorous Too.' This speaker takes a woman out of the audience and does her over right before your eyes. But Ida Peabody said—"

"That's Thelma Peabody's mother," breaks in Sister. "Thelma rides the same bus with me. And she's in my music class too. She tried to sit on the front row with Betsy Clark and Myra Thompson, but Miss Brackenbrock said, 'Thelma, you aren't a soprano.' And Thelma said yes she was too a soprano—that the Junior choir director at church said she was a soprano. That made Miss Brackenbrock mad and she said, 'Thelma Peabody, do as I say!' And then Thelma said—"

"Buddy Peabody is a jerk too!" chimes in Junior. "He lost a football game for us today at noon. It was this way. I threw the ball to him. He was supposed to throw it to Ken Stephens and Ken was supposed to carry it in. But what do you think Buddy did? He tried to throw the ball to Butch instead. And of course Butch wasn't ready for it 'cause he thought Ken was going to get it. Naturally he couldn't catch a ball he wasn't expecting and so Fred Norton who was on the other team caught it and that gave them six points more than us. The way we count points is—"

"I don't believe we're interested in the way you count points," Dad breaks the silence he has maintained ever since he said grace.

"Did you have a bad day at the office, dear?" Mother asks solicitously—and she realizes—belatedly.

"Well, yes, if you call it bad when the man at the next desk is home sick and you have to do his work as well as your own, and when a customer calls up and tells you that the last order arrived in bad shape, and you hear that there is going to be a strike that will slow up production when you're already a month behind on orders—and then after all that, you come home and have tuna fish for supper and listen to what all the Peabodys did!"

During the rest of the meal there is strained reserve and politeness, punctuated by hurt looks on all faces. . . .

WAS THERE ever a family who hasn't been through such an evening meal? It sounds funny down in print, doesn't it? It could be funny even while it was happening if only we could keep our sense of humor stronger than aching feet and worn nerves. If such an evening as the one described above is an exceptional occasion, you can put yourselves down as a normal family. But if it happens once a week or so, that's too often. Let's take a look at the implications of this imaginary supper scene. Since

evening is almost the only time that all members of the average family can be at the table at the same time, surely we should make the most of it.

The time to realize how lucky you are to have this opportunity is when your children are small. For with the onslaught of the teens, you are met by such obstacles to dinnertime calm as telephone calls, baby-sitting appointments, basketball games and dates. Even then, if you have succeeded in building through the years pleasant associations with mealtime, you may keep at least some of your dinners free from interruptions.

A well-cooked, interesting menu is the first requisite for a happy mealtime. A skimpy, hurriedly prepared dinner is likely to turn conversation complaining-ward. Mother should keep her late afternoon engagements at a minimum, and when she knows she will be kept out late she should prepare the main dishes ahead of time. Other physical accompaniments that encourage congeniality include gaily colored tablecloth and napkins, a bouquet or candles as a centerpiece, and neatly set silverware.

Now that your family is seated at this attractive table ready to enjoy a nourishing dinner, what should you talk about? Since this is almost the only scheduled time the family has together, shouldn't it be used to draw the members closer together, to help them understand one another better, to let each develop a distinctive role in family planning and activity? Isn't it the time to learn to practice those virtues of courtesy, consideration, and democracy which are so important in our relationships outside the home?

To those ends, how about trying the following means:

1. Let each member of the family have his say. Maybe you aren't vitally interested in what happened at PTA or on the football field—it will do you good to listen. You should know what Mom and her friends are trying to do for the improvement of the community. You should know who junior's friends are, and in sharing his enthusiasm for sport you realize better what it's like to be a ten-year-old boy. And what a good effect on Mom and Junior!

They're so pleased at having a sympathetic audience that they're ready to beam at your comments. Each one feels important. He belongs. His family likes him. He is an individual with rights and privileges.

2. Let personal problems be aired. Dad needs sympathy when there's a strike at the plant. Mom needs reassuring words when the bedroom curtains go to pieces in the wash. Junior needs his family's backing when he fails to be elected vice-president of the fifth grade. And Sister certainly needs counsel on how to deal with the boy behind her at school who tries to copy off her paper and gets her in trouble with the teacher. Soothing remarks can clear up heartaches and make the world seem suddenly kind again.

3. Encourage original topics of discussion. To keep every dinner table time from becoming a true experience session, you can do a little planning or "planting" ahead. One excellent method is to have a bulletin board in the kitchen. Mother reads an item in the paper about an American family who lost a son in a Japanese prison camp and who now establishes a college scholarship to educate some youth of Japan in an American university. She clips the item and tacks it on the bulletin board. Junior and Sister notice it. Result: dinner discussion that takes the family clear out into the realm of Christian brotherhood and good will.

Again, something may be said in the preacher's sermon or on the radio or at the office which may be a starting point for family con-



—Ewing Galloway.

Does the family grace at your house precede merry meals you all anticipate?

versation—a real sharing of opinions and ideas. The dinner table may well be a valuable opportunity for building Christian attitudes.

4. Make it a time of planning. Many a family runs into date conflicts because Pop didn't know that Mom's church circle was going to meet on the night Sam Hixon invited him to bowl, while Junior chimes in that that's the night the Scout parents are supposed to come to an exhibit. Some of these conflicts could be avoided if at the beginning of each week, part of the dinner conversation served as a clearinghouse for what each member of the family had on hand for that week. Then for long-time planning and interest there's nothing like an anticipated vacation to lend a rosy hue to even—creamed tuna. Beginning with a wish to go West for the month of August, our family went through all the ecstasy of watching our savings grow, considering routes and destinations, and quoting friends who made the trip previously, until that summer morning at four o'clock when we packed our car and rolled away.

5. Play a game occasionally. Along with dessert, a word game or guessing game can send the family off in good grace to dish-washing or history homework. Here is a simple spelling game in which even younger children can participate. One person spells a word, for example "chair." The person next to him must then think of a word beginning with the last letter of "chair"—hence "r"—spell it correctly, and so on. Eliminate proper nouns and of course no one can choose a word that already has been spelled. (Invariably the children will try to trap their parents with words beginning with "x.") You might make this a Bible game and use only names of persons and places in the Bible. You can work out your own method of keeping score.

Another game is to take a category such as trees, birds, vegetables, animals or fruits; each person around the table takes his turn naming a tree, for example. The game goes on with a person dropping out when he can't produce, and the winner is the last tree-namer. With older children states and state capitals could be used.

Finally, let us remember that we're not just trying to make a pleasant atmosphere for pushing down carrots and prunes. Memories are being built around your dinner table—both for you and for your children. Will they be memories of affectionate teasing and laughter and love built on mutual interest and understanding? Such memories will sweeten your later years. They'll give your children a strong basis on which to build their own homes.



—Don Knight.

The pleasant books, that silently among our household treasures take familiar places,

And are to us as if a living tongue spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Books Are Silent Teachers

A well-known author of children's books tells why she writes always with a twofold purpose.

by Marguerite de Angeli

WHEN I began writing books for children, I had no special purpose in mind other than to offer something a child might enjoy; the wish to tell something new and strange, or bring to mind the wonder of familiar things. Everything holds interest for a child, and anything can make a story or a picture. Naturally, I hoped for some income from it, and added to that, the pleasure of doing it.

Because we had children of our own I was conscious of the importance of approaching any subject with the right attitude, always assuming that a child wants to do the right thing; that he wishes to be in the good graces of his elders. As I continued writing, I realized more and more what a powerful medium a child's book can be. It can help lay the foundation for good character, set the pattern for right family and social relationships, and give the child a sense of security in relation to his Creator.

Children, more than adults, feel the universality of basic religious principles. They know, better than we, that religion is not a thing apart, but life itself. Perhaps if we could perceive the Allness of God as a child does and could accept the simplicity of a child's belief without reference to creeds or forms, many of the barriers between peoples would be swept away. Here is an example of what I mean. A child wrote me that she "loves my books, especially *Skippack School* (which is about a Mennonite family), because it was full of the Catholic religion"!

Children are unconscious of racial or religious barriers. It is only when they begin to sense prejudice as revealed by their elders that they become aware of differences. It came to me that through a story perhaps children could be forewarned against those prejudices. Often they are slowly and imperceptibly built up by the small slurs and slighting remarks which are so common that we say them without even being aware of it. They might learn to avoid careless utterances and the unconscious assumption of superiority which gives rise to them. So I built a story around a little Negro girl, *Bright April.* April is a Brownie Scout and in the story has much the same kind of life any little girl might have, except that she learns something of the difficulties all minority groups face at one time or another. She finds out that because of her color she may not be able to do the things she wants to do, but she also learns that fine behavior is usually recognized, and that if she keeps the right attitude she can make a place for herself.

In *Henner's Lydia,* the little hooked mat is finally completed, even though Nancy had snipped at it with the scissors which Lydia had forgotten to put away. In *Elin's Amerika,* patient waiting at last brings the longed-for ship from the old home, though not before Elin had suffered several disappointments. In *Thee, Hannah,* the little Quaker child finds new meaning in the wearing of her hated bonnet and drab clothes. In *Jared's Island,* the treasure found is twofold; the treasure of money a modest one, symbolizing the good middle road.

In October, 1949, a new book was published, called *The Door in the Wall.* In the story, which is laid in fourteenth-century England, a boy learns to rise above a great physical handicap through the help and encouragement of a monk, Brother Luke. He learns patience and consideration for others; he learns that obstacles are things to be overcome.

In each book I have tried to include by suggestion or implication some of those basic principles which make the good life; those ancient virtues which are timeless and universal.

MOTHER AND DADDY, guess what! We have *books* in Sunday school,'' announced six-year-old Barbara with satisfaction, on the second Sunday in October. Everything that happened in the Primary Department was exciting to newly promoted Barbara, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood were sharing by their interest in this happy experience, just as they were in her adventure of starting first grade at school.

''Books?'' asked Daddy. ''What kind of books?''

''Well,'' was the not-too-lucid description, ''they're pretty. They have pictures and stories in them.''

''Are they to be kept at Sunday school?'' asked Mother.

''The teacher gives them to us every Sunday,'' answered Barbara. ''And we put them away when Sunday school is over. But she says we can bring them home next week and keep them here. Jack won't be the only one to get a book in Sunday school.''

Mr. and Mrs. Wood smiled at this reference to their son, who was starting his second year in the Junior Department. At the close of each quarter last year he had brought home his *Bible Study Guide,* which quite impressed his small sister in the Kindergarten Department. Still Mr. and Mrs. Wood were puzzled. Jack, when in the Primary Department, had received a ''Bible Leaflet'' each Sunday, in addition to the children's story paper. Barbara so far had been bringing the story paper, but her parents had wondered at the absence of the ''Bible Leaflet.'' They thought perhaps Barbara had lost them en route, as Jack so often had done with these small papers.

''Wait till next week. You'll see,'' said Barbara confidently.

Sure enough, when Barbara met her parents after church school the next Sunday, she was carrying proudly and carefully her new Sunday school book. As soon as they reached home, the Woods sat down to examine and enjoy it together. First they looked at the cover* with its appealing picture of the Boy Jesus in the Temple, surrounded by questioning doctors. As they looked through its forty-eight attractive pages under Barbara's enthusiastic guidance, Mr. and Mrs. Wood exclaimed at the rich illustrations, many of them in full color and beautifully reproduced, and at the careful planning that apparently had gone into the preparation of each page.

''Will you read it to me, Daddy?'' begged Barbara.

''Surely,'' answered Daddy. ''Not all at once, though. We'll want to take time to think about the stories. And there are things for us to do together too. Look at these riddles on page 6. They will be fun. And here on this page are some friendly church helpers for you to name.''

''We had some riddles in Sunday school,'' said Barbara. ''I like to guess riddles.''

Mother turned back to the inside front cover and said, ''This page tells something about the book. It is written to you, Barbara. Let's ask Daddy to read this page now, and then we may have some more after dinner.''

Mr. Wood read, ''Your Book.'' That means *you,* Barbara. But maybe you'll let us read it too.'' Barbara giggled, and Mr. Wood read on.

''This is your book. In it you will find Bible stories and verses, pictures, and things to do. All of it has been planned for you and for other boys and girls your age. The person who wrote it tried to put the Bible stories into words you would understand. The people who made the pictures worked hard to draw the kind you would like.

''You may need to ask Mother or Daddy or someone else to read your book with you. Later there will be other books, and as you grow older you will be able to read them yourself. Be sure to save them all, and some day you will have a whole library of Bible books.''

IF YOU TOO have a child in the Primary Department of the church school, your interest will be as keen as that of Mr. and Mrs. Wood in these new books for home use. And even if you do not have a child of this age, every Christian family will want to know about this significant new curriculum development.

You are probably aware that your Board of Publication publishes for its churches a graded curriculum. There are materials for every age, from the three-

**First-Year Primary Bible Stories* in Bethany Graded Series. *My Bible Book* in Judson Graded Series.

more helps for home teaching

by margaret clemens mcdowell

year-olds through those in senior high school. Space does not permit here an explanation of the long and careful and prayerful preparation that goes into each new course. Let it suffice to say that behind each course are not months but from four to five years of planning, conferring, building outlines, training and guiding writers, testing, evaluating, editing, working with artists, and printing, before a new course sees the light of day. A tremendous investment, not only in dollars, but in time, energy, devotion and concern has been made in these materials by your publishing house, and also by teachers, parents, and pastors across our land who help in this process, before the materials are finally printed and released.

A new graded course, just as public school materials are repeated year after year, usually stands the test of use from six to ten years. Some part of the series, however, is always in process of revision. Just now the Primary Department courses for children from six to eight years of age, are being rewritten, and the new first-year primary course went into our church schools for use last month.

One of the new features of this course is its added emphasis on helps for teaching religion in the home; for recent years and events have taught us all too sharply that the church alone cannot do a satisfactory job of providing religious training for its children. Parents must assume their larger share of the responsibility, and the church must help them by providing useful materials.

In an article[1] in this magazine last month we described one piece of material prepared for this purpose, the *Message to Parents*. This, as the title implies, is directed to the adults in the family. The quarterly book, which so delighted Barbara and her parents, is the second piece of material for home use. It is the child's book, but first-grade children usually can read very little, so they will be dependent upon older members of the family for their full enjoyment of their book. Besides, a pleasure shared is always doubled and its value increased. As parents enjoy these books with the children, the Bible stories, the pictures, the things to do, take on added importance, and the teachings, the Bible from which they come, and the church that provides such worthwhile materials become more significant in the children's minds.

You may wonder if the books do not make their appearance until several Sundays after each quarter begins. It is suggested that they be kept for a few weeks in Sunday school, where the teacher will be building up interest in them from Sunday to Sunday. When they are brought home, you will want to continue by your own attitude to increase the interest in and respect for the book.

[1]"Whose Job Is It?" by Margaret Clemens McDowell, *Hearthstone*, Oct. 1950.

This will not be difficult, for these books are in large measure the answer to a long-time dream of what Sunday school materials should look like. For example, the artist's fee alone for pictures like those on pages 1, 12 and 20 are between two and three hundred dollars a picture, while the plates for a single four-color illustration cost almost one hundred and seventy-five dollars. A secular publisher has a chance to "pay off" for such expense in children's books by an overwhelmingly large circulation, whereas your church and your publishing house must go all out to provide books of comparable quality. But if religion is to be respected in this day of pictures and color and beautiful printing, its materials must be beautiful also.

OF COURSE appearance is only one criterion for judgment. The content must also be worthy. You will find in these pages the Bible stories and verses and some of the songs used in your child's church school class. When you read the *Message to Parents* you will understand that the scripture passages have been selected to develop certain studies or themes or "units" that are in process in the first-year primary class. If you want to know just what stories are being used each week in class, the chart on the inside back cover will tell you. For example, pages 20 to 22 of the book relate to the Sunday school session on the first Sunday in November for this year, 1950.

If you like, you can follow class progress week by week in this way. You can carry out together the things to do, suggested on pages 6, 9, 13, 16, and on through the book, supplementing these activities with others described in the *Message to Parents*. This probably will be the best use of the book, but on the other hand, if your child wants a story at some other time than on the day it will be used in church school, there is no reason why he should not enjoy it then. These books are planned for the home, and it is hoped that the stories will be read again and again, just as your child's other books are enjoyed. If a story is read at home before it is told in Sunday school, what matter? When one is six, a good story is enjoyed many times, and is only really "learned" through much repetition.

These are the children's books. But you who are parents will have much to do with determining their value and importance. Those who already have invested deeply in them are hoping that they may be the means of many happy and worth-while moments in your family group. They will feel satisfied if the books provide some help as you lead your child along the pathway toward God.

DREAM BOAT

Sometimes you just can't reason with a girl when there's a boy involved. And if that boy is a dreamboat—!

a story by

Eleanor Sharp

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GROUT

"BUT MOTHER! He's absolutely the smoothest boy in town! Any girl would give simply *anything,* I mean actually *anything,* for a date with him! Don't you understand? I mean actually *Jerry Thornton* asked me for a date!"

Mary Stephens went on drying dishes and wished for the ten-thousandth time that teen-aged daughters could be kept in a cage until they reached the age of reason.

"But, Pam, darling," she began weakly, "he isn't—well—he isn't your type. And he's never been here with the gang. . ."

"Oh, Mother! I've got to go! I've just got to!" Pam was wringing the dishcloth with the awful urgency of this moment. "After all, *nobody* turns down Jerry Thornton! I mean actually! And he has that super car, and—oh, Mo-ther!"

Mary sighed and wished that just once Pam wouldn't talk in italics, and she knew if she heard "I mean *actually*" once more today she'd scream.

"I'll let you know," she told Pam now. "I'll talk it over with your father." Jim would consider the problem calmly, Mary knew. He wasn't as much bewildered as she was at this strange creature their little girl had become.

When Mary and Jim were alone after supper, as they usually were now that the Brents next door had that old jukebox in their basement, she broached the subject of Jerry Thornton.

"Hmmm—?" Jim went on reading about Russia. "Tom Thornton's boy? Thought he was away at some private school."

"He was," Mary explained, "but he's home now. It seems he is the answer to a maiden's prayer—a 'dream boat,' I believe is the proper word. Anyway, he's asked Pam for a date, and she's the envy of every girl in Westvale."

Jim Stephens put down the paper and pulled his wife down on the arm of his chair. "I don't blame him a bit. She's the prettiest thing in town, just like her mother."

"Flattery will get you nowhere, Mr. Stephens," Mary answered sternly, but she smiled ruefully. "Right now I wish she wasn't pretty. Don't you understand, darling? This boy is so much older, and so experienced. I've heard the gossip—he—he's fast! I just can't bear the thought of Pam out alone with him in that car. She's so young, and she's only gone with the neighborhood boys and the church kids."

"Then are you going to tell her she can't go?" Jim asked.

Mary hesitated. They had always found it hard to deny Pam anything, especially since they'd lost Jimmie. And at least she *had* asked first. Mary knew lots of girls didn't have to ask their parents first. Lots of Pam's friends went out with boys their parents didn't know. But Pam was still so young!

"I don't know," Mary said. "What do you think, Jim?"

"I'll tell you what I think," Jim said with certainty. "I think if we don't let her go, this boy will grow more glamorous. He'll be even more than a 'dream boat.' He will become forbidden fruit. So will Pam. She'll be a martyr."

Mary nodded. "I see what you mean."

"Pam's a good girl," Jim went on. "She's been perfectly willing to follow the rules we've made about letting us meet the boys first, getting home on time, and so forth. We've been fair with her and she's been fair with us, and it's worked out fine. We don't want her sneaking out to meet some fellow now. We must show her we've got confidence in her."

Yes, Mary had to admit there was a point there. "We owe it to her to trust her, I guess," she said slowly. Jim was right. If Jerry Thornton wasn't the right sort, Pam would scorn him. She had been given the standards by which to judge. But if they made a martyr out of him—yes, Jim was right.

WHEN Jerry Thornton stopped by for Pam a little later in the week, Mary tried not to scrutinize him too obviously. She noticed Jim had managed to be around, too. So this was a "dream boat"! He looked much like the other boys who frequented their living room, same crew haircut, but a little older. Did he look a little hard around the eyes, or did she imagine it?

When a radiant Pam came downstairs, Mary thought proudly that

it was no wonder she had been singled out from among all the girls in town. She saw the same pride in Jim's eyes as he told Pam, "Don't forget—11:30!"

The evening dragged. Mary hadn't felt this way even at Pam's first date. But then that had just been with Billy Ashton, and they had gone on the bus.

At ten o'clock Mary went to bed. There was no use worrying. The ideals she had given Pam would see her through. The groundwork she had laid through the years would now serve its purpose. After all, Mary told herself, she couldn't always be right with her. It was like that poem she had read and put in her scrapbook when Pam was much younger. How did it go? "I cannot watch you all the way, Holding your hand—" what was the rest of it? They had used it at PTA that time.

The poem haunted her, and after Jim was sound asleep, Mary slipped out to the bookcase and got the scrapbook. Oh, yes! There it was—"Your Path" was the title of it.

I cannot watch you all the way.
Holding your hand as I do now,
To keep you from falling, or from getting lost;
Guarding your safety at whatever cost—
You will have grown to adulthood in such a little day!
Nor will you want my guidance any more,
So eager will you be to walk alone.
May I be wise to teach you how to go,
To look at life with clear, undaunted eyes;

What things to value—which ones to despise;
How to have courage in the darkest night,
And strength for all the hardships you may know;
Teach you how to love—and how to pray!
Then, though you do not have my hand
To hold, you will have learned
How to walk safely by yourself, instead.
Because I cannot watch you all the way,
My love must throw its light far, far ahead!*

—MARGUERITE CRIGHTON TUTHILL

*From the *National Parent-Teacher*. Used by permission.



"Well, did you have a good time?" she asked brightly.

Mary crept back in bed, and just in time, too. Pam slipped in quietly, and it sounded as though she hesitated at the door of her parents' room before tiptoeing down the hall. As Pam's nightly beauty ritual went on in the bathroom, Mary fought a losing battle with temptation, and when all was quiet again, she knocked on Pam's door. Did she imagine she heard a muffled sob?

NOT turning on the light, she sat on the foot of the bed as she had so many times before.

"Well, did you have a good time?" she asked brightly.

There was a long silence. Then "No!" came from the pillow, and this time the sob was unmistakable. Mary's heart froze.

"Want to tell me about it?" she managed.

Then the dam broke, and Pam was sitting up in bed, her head on her mother's shoulder.

"Oh, Mother, it was awful!" she sobbed. "He's nothing but a —a—*wolf!* First he stopped and got some stuff to drink, and oh, Mother—Mother—it was awful!" Pam's voice had sunk to an almost inaudible whisper as she made this awful confession. Mary waited, praying, praying. . .

Then Pam went on. "He parked the car, and—he wanted to—neck, but it wasn't romantic at all! It was—oh, Mother! I feel so—so—*dirty!*" she lifted her head. "I hate Jerry Thornton! He just doesn't belong in our gang, that's all. If he wants girls who drink and—and—well, he can just have them! I never want to see him again!"

Mary breathed a sigh of relief and a prayer of thanks. Thank God she had taught her wisely, "what things to value, which things to despise. . ."

"So Jerry Thornton isn't much fun after all," Mary remarked lightly, glad for the darkness which hid her own tears.

"If you ask me, he's just a drip. I mean *actually!*"

Root Thrift

Nothing would presage summer's plenty now.
The arbor's latticed walls are desolate.
This gnarled brown vine belies the trailing bough
Which bore in season verdant, leafy freight.

Nothing, we sigh, unmindful of the root
On which no winter wastes, whose feeders go,
Anticipating August's sweetened fruit,
To deeper sources than we name or know.

—ELINOR LENNEN.

Who Shares

It is not that which we may hoard
That makes for richer living;
Who keeps his gold is poor . . . who shares
Grows richer in the giving!

—INEZ CLARK THORSON.

Thanksgiving Day

One day stands out from all the rest
And holds a place apart;
Its memory lingers down the years
And lives in every heart.

The festive board is piled up high,
With viands rich and rare
And, through the house, aromas spread,
With which none else compare.

There's pumpkin pie and fruitcake, too;
The turkey's rich and brown,
With stuffing like you'll never find
Another place in town.

Then Grandpa, as we bow our heads,
Gives thanks to Him above,
Who's kept us safe, through all the years
And linked our hearts in love.

Then, with, "Amen!" we all pitch in
And eat, with might and main,
As though it had to last until
Thanksgiving comes again.

—FREDERICK D. BREWER

by

Ethel Wallace

The Home of Jonathan Edwards

"They say there is a young lady in New Haven who has a strange sweetness in her mind, and a singular purity in her affections"

WHEN in the heat of July, 1727, Jonathan Edwards brought his bride, the beautiful and vivacious Sarah Pierrepont, to Northampton, he had been for three months co-pastor with his grandfather of one of the outstanding churches of Colonial times. The church stood on the top of a hill surrounded by the two hundred homes of the early settlers. The young couple set up housekeeping near by, where they lived for twenty-three years until the house echoed with the voices of eleven children, three boys and eight girls. Sarah was only seventeen years old when she took upon herself the responsibilities of the wife of a pioneer parson. But she was not wholly unprepared for the task as she was a daughter of the manse. Her father, Rev. James Pierrepont, was an influential minister in the college town of New Haven and was known for his deep piety and intellectual vigor. Her girlhood home was the meeting place for the leaders of the day in church and state, men and women still filled with the zeal and consecration of the founding fathers. Sarah herself "had become truly and remarkably religious at about five years old." When she was thirteen, Jonathan Edwards, then a young tutor at Yale, wrote the following beautiful tribute to her on a page of his diary presumably to be seen by no eyes but his own:

"They say there is a young lady in New Haven who has a strange sweetness in her mind, and a singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct, and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you should give her all the world. She is of a wonderful sweetness and calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; and especially after the great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly, and seeming always to be full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, and walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some One invisible conversing with her."

The few records still extant testify that she was a lovable and beautiful woman, passionately and unselfishly devoted to her husband and children. Through the years she learned to subordinate these earthly loves to her love for her heavenly Father, and schooled herself to think little of the things of the world except as they ministered to God's glory. So she captured the secret of true and lasting happiness, and the home she adorned became a foretaste of Heaven.

In this atmosphere the children were born and reared, each child a gift of God in the estimation of the parents, to be brought up not for their pleasure but for his glory. We are told that the prospect of becoming a mother of a rational, immortal creature was sufficient to lead Sarah to bow before God daily for his blessing on it, even redemption and eternal life by Jesus Christ. She realized that, as a child is mostly with its mother during the early years when lasting impressions are made, "the chief care of forming children by government and instruction naturally falls on her." Therefore she began her discipline very early and in accord with the teachings of Scripture. It was her rule to resist the first exhibition of temper in the child until it became submissive to the will of its parents,

"Voting is not enough! If religious principles are to be realized in public life, then church people must not only vote on election day and talk about political issues; they must get into politics themselves. If it is the local political boss who constitutes the stumbling block, we should not only fight against that boss; we should get to be him."— Ralph W. Gwinn

believing that until a child will obey its parents, it cannot be brought to obey God. Her reproof was short, spoken calmly and gently without heat and noise.

As the children grew older, in her direction or reproofs, in matters of importance, she would address herself to their reason, that they might not only know her inclination and will, but at the same time be convinced of the propriety of them. She had only to speak once and she was cheerfully obeyed; murmuring and answering again were not known among them, Samuel Hopkins who lived at their home at different periods, tells us. "When she met with any special difficulty or foresaw any, she was wont to apply to Mr. Edwards for advice and assistance, and they would attend to it as a concern of great importance."

The children all reciprocated the deep affection of their parents and sought to emulate them in word and deed. "In their manners they were uncommonly respectful. When their parents came into the room they all rose instinctively from their seats, and never resumed them until their parents were seated, and when either parent was speaking, no matter with whom they had been conversing, they were all immediately silent and attentive. The kind and gentle treatment they received seemed naturally to beget and promote filial respect and affection and to lead them to a mild and tender treatment of each other. Quarreling and contention which too frequently take place among children were wholly unknown."

A HAPPY, wholesome family life was lived in the manse on King Street. Every member shared in the household chores, even the esteemed and adored father being responsible for cutting the wood for the fireplaces. After supper the family gathered by the hearth for prayer and exposition of the Word followed by the hour of conversation, sprightly enough if we may judge by the letters, before the father returned to his study and the children went to their beds.

There are glimpses into the intimacies of the family life in the letter telling of Jonathan Edwards tending one of the children in an illness while Sarah was away on one of her infrequent visits of relatives. There are also items about the children—pennies awarded to Jerusha for her painstaking efforts in learning to read, and small amounts loaned by Timothy and paid back.

In a Journal which Esther, the second daughter, kept after her marriage, we catch other glimpses of their home.

"This is my ninth birthday," Esther begins on February 13, 1741, "and Mrs. Edwards, my mother, has had me stitch these sundry sheets of paper into a book to make me a journal. Methinks, almost all this family keep journals, but they never show them. But Mrs. Edwards is to see mine, because she needs to know whether I am learning to keep my heart with all diligence; in which we are all constrained to be engaged. . .

"My mother has just come into the house with a bunch of sweet peas and put them on the stand where my honored father is shaving. . . We have abundance of flowers. . . .

"I have just come tripping upstairs from morning worship, and the songs of the service still follow me. I have been thinking what a singing family the Edwards' family is. Mother's voice we have heard in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, ever since our earliest babyhood. She sang us on our pilgrim way, when we were in our cradles. And to all the house, her voice is always uplifting like the lark's, as though her soul were mounting up to heaven's shining gates on wings of song. If father ever gets low-spirited from his 'humors' as he calls them, her voice is to him like medicine, as David's harp was to King Saul. And when she once begins there is Sarah and Jerusha and myself, like the ascending pipes of an organ, ready to unite in making a joyful noise to the Lord all over the house so that our home is more like an aviary than the dwelling of a Colonial parson. . . ."

As the children grew older and took their part in the doings of the community, of course there were decisions to be made and temptations to be resisted. They were allowed to go on the skating and sleighing parties and to the meetings of the singing school. But dancing was forbidden. Esther tells of a lively party which included many of her intimate friends, some of them members of the church, which drove to Hadley to dance the New Year in; but she and her brothers and sisters were not among them.

"To my honored father and mother it had been a time of great grief. And when with the morning light, the great sled-loads drove up through the streets with their laughing, giddy freight, I saw the tears in the eyes of them both. I am only too glad, that none of the children of this family were invited to go or had they been, would have so departed from the wishes of

their parents, as to care to do so.''

Many and notable guests came to the hospitable home, particularly as a Jonathan Edwards' fame spread far beyond New England, travelers often from distant parts, generally on horseback, some to stay overnight, others for months. Gifted and practiced in the fine arts of understanding and sympathy, Sarah met strangers as well as old friends on a gracious footing and made them feel at home at once. Easy in conversation, she brought them to confide in her their anxieties and hopes, their doubts and their rich experiences of grace. The children shared in the joys and problems of entertaining.

TOGETHER with wife and children, Jonathan went through the deep waters of misunderstanding, recrimination, trial, and finally dismissal from the church at Northampton. Together he and they triumphed over the privations and loneliness of Stockbridge—an isolation which gave him the opportunity to write the books which have become the priceless heritage of generations. When in 1758 he left the outpost town for Princeton to accept the call to the presidency of the newly founded College of New Jersey, he left the family behind until a home could be made ready for them. ''My Father took leave of all his people and family as affectionately as if he knew he should not come again,'' wrote Susannah to her sister Esther. ''When he got out of doors he turned about, 'I commit you to God,' said he.'' Two months later when he lay dying of smallpox at Princeton he sent the following message to his loved ones whose destiny here and hereafter was always on his heart:

''Therefore give my kindest Love to my dear Wife, and tell her that the uncommon Union that has so long subsisted between us, has been of such a Nature, as I trust is Spiritual, and therefore will continue for ever; and I hope she will be supported under so Great a trial, and submit cheerfully to the Will of God. And as to my children, you are now like to be left Fatherless, which I hope will be an Inducement to you to seek a Father who will never fail you.''

Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Favorite Thanksgiving bird — 59 72 114 39 51 100

B. Before long — 122 115 119 112

C. Rap, as on a door — 99 73 102 22 121

D. Sorrowful; unhappy — 117 97 113

E. Not suitable — 116 90 103 108 96

F. King of Israel noted for his wisdom — 10 14 24 43 37 64 8

G. A sudden fancy or caprice — 118 107 94 87

H. Sacred songs — 83 79 104 98 55 84

I. Not fastened so as to be firm — 86 111 92 68 101

J. Enormous — 93 89 71 61

K. Expressions of gratitude — 91 60 85 70 41 53

L. Large seagoing vessel — 48 76 69 65

M. Interlace yarns — 44 50 34 3 67

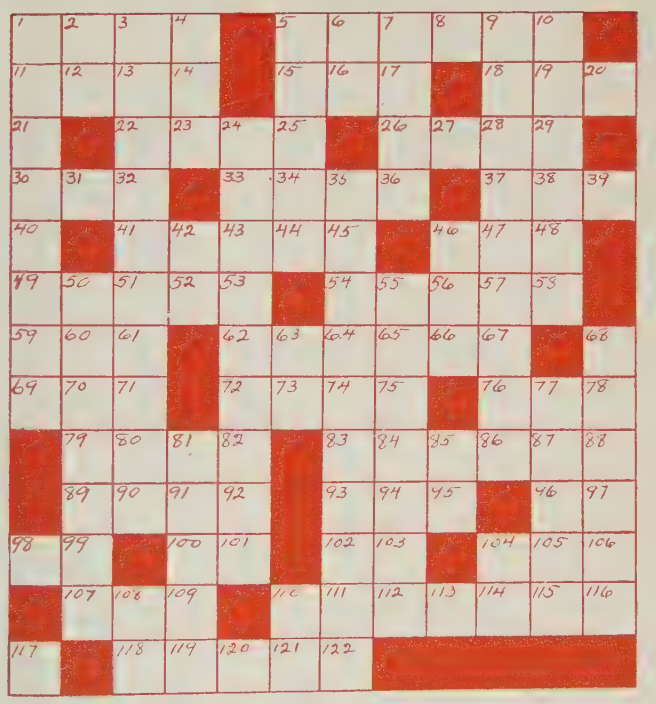
N. Young unmarried woman — 35 38 77 49 36 29

O. Solitary — 105 75 57 63

P. Person who has no fixed location; wanderer — 12 56 78 54 21

Q. To cultivate, or prepare for seed — 74 80 106 66

R. Favorite Thanksgiving pie — 27 11 95 62 9 31 42



(*Solution on page 47.*)

S. Avoid deliberately — 109 46 26 81

T. What God did on the seventh day — 120 40 32 15 17 52

U. Phantom; specter — 82 30 28 88 13

V. To consecrate; make holy — 16 7 18 25 19 110

W. What the Thanksgiving feast was called in the time of Moses — 2 45 1 23 5 6 4 20 47 33 58

WHAT IS YOUR

HOW DOES your "Leisure I.Q." rate? Have you been preparing for the time when you won't be busy at a job each day, but can spend your time as you please? Or is that "Leisure I.Q." of yours rather low, because you are not making intelligent preparation for this period?

Not long ago, I visited a church, and smiled when I realized that I'd arrived on their annual "Old Folks" day. When the minister quoted those comforting words of Browning—

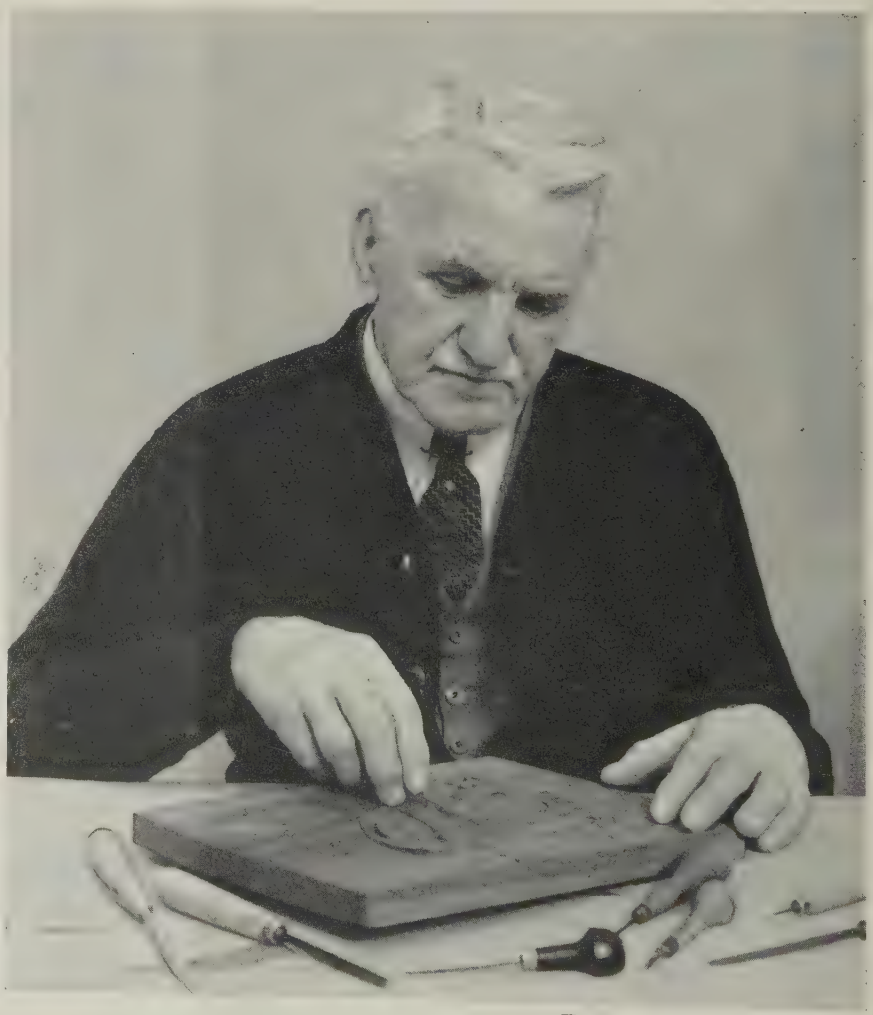
"Grow old along with me
The best is yet to be—
The last of life for which
The first was made,"

I felt more than ever that these later days *do* have many compensations. We've finished (or at least should have) the struggle for family life, financial success, or recognition in some other line. By this time we should be able to look at life with a philosophical eye.

When a young girl recently heard me laughing and joking with a friend, she remarked, "I really believe you older people are happier than we younger ones." After thinking that over, I said, "Perhaps, it's because we have learned that we can't have the things we want; so we try to be satisfied with what life has given us. Someone once said, 'Happiness does not consist in having what we like, but liking what we have.' "

If you've been careful, financially, you can have an independent, if not luxurious, later life. But in order to enjoy it, you should have taken up some interest and made it a definite part of your being. Too many make the mistake of thinking they can quit their jobs, begin different lives the

Make the later years wonderful years. Fill them with the enjoyment of doing all those things you "just didn't have time for"



—*H. Armstrong Roberts.*

Hobbies and handicrafts can fill these leisure years with pleasure.

LEISURE IQ?

by

Maymie R. Krythe

next day, and live happily. It does not usually work out this way—you had better start planning for your leisure years beforehand.

The other day I ran across Jane Weller. She must retire soon and isn't at all pleased about it. Jane grumbled, "I just hate to quit. I don't know what I'll do with myself." This was surprising to me, for besides her career, Jane had lived a full life and had a husband and three children. I could not help wondering why she had not cultivated some interests that would fill her life now that the children had homes of their own. Jane, unfortunately, has never ridden off gaily on any sort of a hobby, but has always taken herself and her job too seriously.

I was sorry for her, but couldn't think of anything to say, except, "Well, Jane, I don't have that worry. When I retire, I'm afraid I won't live long enough to do all the things I've had to put off during all the years while I've been supporting myself and seeing my daughter through college."

It's been shown by statistics, that many retired people live only a few years after giving up their regular jobs. Do you suppose that some die from sheer boredom? If you want to avoid such a fate, better cultivate interests that later will guarantee a busy, contented life. Edith Adams never had taken up any special hobby; so now with too much spare time, she interferes too often in the lives and affairs of her married children. Edith spoils the grandchildren by showing them too much attention, and often lets them do as they please when they are with her. Of course this is hard on the young parents; naturally they resent it, but have to endure it.

IN CONTRAST to Jane and Edith, fortunately, there are others who do have high "Leisure I.Q.'s." Louise Moore, for instance, is a fine example. She is one of the happiest retired persons I know, with a satisfying interest, quite different from her former work. Louise designs her own patterns, and crochets adorable bootees. She does this while enjoying the radio programs, or chatting with friends. It's become quite profitable for her, too, as a large department store, in a nearby city, will take as many pairs as she has time to make.

I have heard of a retired teacher who has an unusual hobby—the study of the Russian language. After a trip to Russia several years ago, be began to take courses in the language at a neighboring university. By the time he was ready to leave his school job, he had his leisure time work well in hand. Now he is not only continuing his own studies in the language, but is t r a i n i n g several others, too. Mr Graves is leading such an active life that he does not have time to worry about being "laid on the shelf."

Ellen Mason, a widow with two children to support, had always wanted to write. But her strenuous daily work left her too tired to do much about it. But she did begin to prepare for it by attending adult education classes, and doing some shorter pieces of writing. After the children had grown and left home, Ellen specialized in local history. She interviewed "old-timers," thumbed through files of old newspapers, and "dug up" material for various articles which she sold to regional historical magazines. Since her retirement, she is meeting many interesting people through this hobby and is becoming an authority on the events of her locality. Now when she sees an unusual street name it often has a special meaning for her, as she is familiar with its origin.

She has been asked to speak before several local groups, occasionally for pay. She says it's almost a shame to take the money when she so enjoys talking on her favorite subject. At the local historical society Ellen has met many people with whom she would not otherwise have come in contact. She has come to realize that one of the finest by-products of a hobby is the opportunity for mak i n g stimulating acquaintances. Work that Ellen enjoyed and chose as an outside interest has now become her vocation.

If you, too, want to make your later years "the best of life," don't wait too long to get ready to enjoy them. Take up an interest to keep you alert. No matter whether it is gardening, painting, collecting buttons or glassware, or entering more fully into certain types of church activity you were too busy to enjoy before, make a success of it. Then you'll never be bored, no matter how long you live, and your "Leisure I.Q." will rate far above the average.



—Alexander Alland.

What Children Say About Parents

by Dorothy Barclay

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The New York Times Magazine,
Oct. 23, 1949

MOTHER and Dad are all right in their way, the youngsters say, but there are certain things that should be pointed out.

What do they want—these little consumers of parental time and money, liberty and love?

For an answer, boys and girls from 3 to 16 were questioned recently on their ideas of a good parent. The youngsters came from various parts of New York, from differing educational and social backgrounds and economic levels. Some talked willingly, others grudgingly. Here, from stenographic notes, is what twelve of them said:

ELAINE WARD, 3

A good mommy and daddy—well, they give you your breakfast in the morning and then they put you to bed at night. I like them. And they give you kisses.

DAVID COLE, 7

A good mother ought to be home when you get home from school. No special reason. It's just nice to have someone related to you around the house. You can't greet a maid and talk to her like you do your mother. If a mother wants to work there should be a steady nurse, not changes all the time. It just feels more homey when your mother's there. As long as there's a roof over your head, enough to eat, good beds, your mother shouldn't work or she could be a switchboard operator or a secretary so she wouldn't have to work too hard and always be flying some place if she was the president of the company.

Your father ought to spend a day with you every week. Like my dad says, "Don't plan anything. Just see what happens." But if you do plan, you should plan with the child. If it's Father's Day or something like that, well, all right, then he can decide, but if it's your birthday you should be able to say.

Parents shouldn't interfere when kids are having a fight, if it's just a little slap-wrestle fight, but if it gets serious then they'd better. But I go out with a play group. We have counselors' supervision. That's best.

Another good thing is an allowance. You shouldn't just get it for sitting around but for being a good sport or something like that. Then you can save it and if you want to buy a yacht or something when you grow up then you'll naturally have enough.

If a boy needs help with homework, his parents should help but not to tell them every answer and every word. That way they'll depend on other people to do all their work. When the Senate settles something they don't call President Truman and say, "Please settle this."

BRUCE MILTENBERG, 8

Well, I think what makes a good mother and father, say, when a child's bad the parents shouldn't hit the child. They should take something away from him instead of hitting him. A child likes, say, ice cream. Well, don't let him have ice cream for one or two days or a week maybe. And I would send him to bed early and not let him watch television. Just do his homework and eat dinner and go to bed.

One day when I was in the street a boy called me "elephant face" and I gave him a push and another girl's father came along and he hit me. I think parents should let you take care of your own fights. One day a child is fighting with another kid and the next day they're best friends.

I think a mother should stay home with the child. If no one's home and the child gets sick or gets in a fight and his nose bleeds, well, there's nobody home. And I'd like to live in the country where there's not so many cars and I could have a dog, but if the father hates it you'd have to give in to the father, naturally.

MARY BETH HAID, 9

A good mother should teach a child about God. A child shouldn't have to keep anything from the mother and the mother shouldn't scold them too much for doing something wrong when they are just learning. My mother wants me to be pretty when I grow up and I want to be a dancer too and my mother put me on a diet. That's a good thing because I will be glad when I grow up. I like being the baby, but my brothers tease me. A mother should step in if a child is sensitive. I'm sensitive. I don't like



—*Meisel.* —*Monkmeyer.*

to go to sleep if my mother and father aren't home. You don't see so much of your father, so you should have a chance to talk to him when he's home. He shouldn't have to punish you because your mother says so.

TERRY ROCHE, 11

Lots of times a mother and father don't know as much about a sport as a child does, so older people shouldn't tell you you can't play football. At my school we have only soccer, but I play football every afternoon and all I've gotten is a couple of skinned arms. And we play with no protection at all.

If your parents are very busy I think a child should understand that. A child over 5, anyway. But there should be some time in the day, maybe a half an hour, when you can talk to them. Because some parents are always flying some place, Cincinnati or Europe, and you should be able to talk to them when they're home.

Of course parents have to have some fun too but if a child is old enough maybe it would be interesting for him to go to some of the parties and meet some of his parents' friends. Otherwise, when you go out with your mother or father you should do something you'll both enjoy. I might want to play ball but my parents wouldn't enjoy that so we go to the movies. I like comedies best and good Westerns, but you don't see many of those.

Parents shouldn't try to organize all your time. That's too much like school. I've heard complaints from boys. Their parents want them to go to music school on the week-end and make all the arrangements without even asking them. Then on the week-end the boy wants to play football and he has to go to music school. That starts arguments.

JANET POWER, 12

A good mother has to be understanding. If you're in trouble she can talk with you and help you get out of trouble. If I have ideas, she should encourage me. Like, if I had ideas about being a singer—I'm not saying I do—but she should encourage me. She shouldn't just say it's fantastic. I might not succeed but at least I tried. If she disciplines me she should keep her word. She shouldn't decide on a punishment when she's angry because she makes it too hard and it has to be changed.

She should keep her word in all those things. If you were supposed to go to the movies and then it started to rain and she couldn't take you that day, she should take you another day. If you are doing errands or helping clean the house, you should get a little something for it. But if she tells you you positively can't do something she shouldn't get soft-hearted. I probably shouldn't admit it, but I don't enjoy anything when my mother just gets soft-hearted like that. But she should have a good reason for saying no to begin with, instead of just telling me, "I said no and that's all."

If one parent is disciplining you, the other should go into the other room. If they interfere, one will be for me and the other against me and that just makes more trouble. Spanking is silly anyway. If a parent hits a child—as I know from experience—that doesn't last. It only hurts when you get it. They should take away something you like. I like to wear dungarees. When I'm bad I have to wear dresses.

OWEN FARMER, 13

Well, some fathers kid around too much and they're always rough-housing, throwing water at you and things like that. And sometimes mothers ask too many questions. They ask you one way and then they turn it around and ask you the same thing another way. They could leave you alone sometimes.

LENORE ROTHBLATT, 13

You need to have your mother be understanding. Usually she's more understanding than your father because he has to go out to work and hasn't got much time. My problems concern, well, boys usually. My problem is my mother doesn't think I should go out with them but she always talks with me about it. She doesn't just say "Oh, you're too young to talk about such things" because she was the same.

My father still jokes around the house. He isn't all business and I like that. But my father, all the years I've lived with him, sometimes I think I don't know him very well. He was away in the war but even now he'll say he's going to take us somewhere and then he has to work. He works on insurance and he has to do a lot but I wish that didn't happen. It doesn't have to be anything special as long as you have fun.

Another good thing about my mother, if she punishes me she does it but she doesn't harp about it all the time or nag me about things. I earn some money babysitting and I want to buy a skating outfit. My mother thinks that's a waste of money but if it's my own money I can buy it. One thing, though, I wish my mother wasn't so old-fashioned about my clothes. She's still living way back in 1945.

RICHARD KEANE, 14

A good mother shouldn't talk too much. Some of them just talk, talk, talk the whole time except when

Revelation

Here in the silver light of dawn,
Now in this shining hour,
I hold so gently in my hand
A fragile, opening flower.

I have watched and waited long
To see these petals catch the sun;
And through impatient waiting I have learned
That beauty, faith and God are one!

—ROSALIE BARNETT SPINDLER

the stories are on the radio. And they shouldn't go through your pockets. Some mothers'll put a handful of peanuts in your pocket and then see what else you've got there. A father ought to try to be pleasant and not change the rules all the time, depending on which kid did what. If you're late getting home because you got caught in the rain and you're not supposed to get wet, they ought to understand a thing like that.

If your father makes a mistake and cuts your allowance for something you didn't do and then finds out afterwards you didn't do it, he should apologize and make it up to you some way. If he could afford it, he ought to get a car and a television set and a house in the country but if he didn't have enough he could have a bank in the closet and save some money for it.

PAT MARCIANO, 15

We have a big family and there's always a lot of company at the house so we can't have friends in so much. But when we do my mother is always nice to them and all she says is we should leave the house the way we found it. A good mother should want to know how you're doing in school and talk to the teachers sometimes but not all the while.

Good parents shouldn't kid you too much in front of company or bring up things you did years ago. When it's something nice, though, like when I won the swimming race at camp, that's all right. A father ought to take his wife out once in a while and not make too much work for her. It's nice for a mother to look nice but not always primping up her hair in the store windows when you're walking down the street.

PENI CENEDELLA, 15

Actually it seems to me good parents should have done most of their job by the time a girl is in high school. By then mothers and fathers both ought to leave most of the decisions up to you. If they have any strong feeling about what you're doing, they should talk the whole thing over. Not an argument, no yelling and screaming, but not one of these "long quiet talks" either. They just embarrass everybody. Just explain frankly how they feel and why. Then leave the decision up to the child.

Actually, I shouldn't say, "child." I don't think I'm a child and parents shouldn't either. They must never open mail or listen in on telephone conversations. When friends come to the house, it's nice for your parents to greet them and then disappear. Times like Christmas Eve or Christmas Day you should spend with your family but otherwise you should be free to make your own appointments and not have to change them for some family gathering.

TEDDY FRIEDMAN, 16

A good father, well, he goes to work in the morning and comes home every night. He's nice to the kids and he doesn't start too many arguments. Then I guess he ought to take the family out once in a while and be careful around the house so he doesn't make a lot of extra work for your mother. My father wants me to be a lawyer, just like that. I'm not so good in school but still he wants me to be a lawyer. I'd like to get a part-time job but my mother says I better stick to my lessons. I feel like a parasite.

Sometimes I help my father in his sheet-metal shop and earn some money. I always get the easy end. Then sometimes my father says I should play a game of chess with him to see if I get extra money or nothing at all. I like that.

* * *

These were some of the things the children said openly. They said a great deal more in other ways. Their gestures, expressions, tones of voice, smiles, grimaces, hesitations—all added up to a picture of what their parents were and gave added meaning to their ideas of what a parent should be.

Above all, it is clear, children want understanding, help when they need it, encouragement when they falter and appreciation for a job well done.

They want a set of reasonable and constant standards. When discipline is necessary—and they were willing to agree that it sometimes is—they ask for a method that will allow both parent and child to maintain dignity. In some matters they want their parents to think ahead for them; in others, they want to make their own decisions unaided. They want their parents to be companionable but not possessive, firm but not domineering.

The children did not like a parent who was too easy, any more than they wanted one who was too strict. Time and again they indicated that if a just punishment had been set, it should not be eased or altered. They all wanted to be reasoned with rather than ordered about. And no playing favorites, brother against sister, older child against younger. The teen-agers wanted to be protected against "the nosey little ones." The "babies" wanted help against domineering brothers and sisters.

Strangely, none of the youngsters spontaneously mentioned the allowance problem. Questioned, they usually agreed it was nice to get regular spending money but none wanted the responsibility of an allowance that included sums for clothing and books and family presents.

The idea of parental sacrifice was another that the youngsters weren't likely to think of on their own. When it was mentioned, though, they all showed a strong independent streak. Not one thought, or would admit, that parents should make sacrifices for a child's comfort or education. Along with spanking, they seemed to feel, that was old-fashioned stuff.

"A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising three weeks"

—Southey

The Fragrance of Homemade Bread



Take Joe to a psychiatrist? She was shocked at the idea.

MRS. DOUGLAS GRAHAM shifted her new black bag from one arm to the other and her weight to the other foot and peered anxiously down the boulevard as though the very urgency of her gaze would make a bus come quickly out of the dim distance where the traffic lights governed the speed of the cars and, therefore, for the moment, her whole life. But as yet no bus was in sight.

She glanced at her watch again. A quarter of five. Mary Ann and Joe would be coming into the house soon because the neighbor children they were playing with would have to go in and get ready for the evening meal. She hoped that they had seen her note on the door telling them that she was at a club meeting. Of course, she knew that they would be all right. Heavens, she wouldn't leave them if there was any question about that! Still she felt just a little worried even if they were aged ten and eight.

She would have been home an hour ago if the speaker had stopped on time and if she hadn't had that unexpected committee meeting. But how could she foresee things like that?

She glanced again at her new bag. It was such a pretty one—the new small size—and it looked so well with her smart black suit. She had felt so neat and *chic* this morning when she had left home to have lunch at the clubhouse. Now her hair felt untidy after she had worn her hat all day and she knew that her face was weary and needed freshening. It was at moments such as this that she wondered if all these meetings she attended and all the civic activities she took part in were worth it. But certainly they were all worth while and she knew that she didn't want to fail to do her part.

When the bus finally did come she found herself in the five o'clock rush hour and she had to stand, clinging to the metal handle on the corner of one of the seats. Her toes kept pushing down against the end of her new pumps and there was an ache across her shoulders. Finally, when she felt that she couldn't stand it another minute, the lady in the seat beside her got off and she slid gratefully into the vacant half of the seat.

The speaker had been interesting today, and in all fairness Mrs.

A Story by

VIRGINIA-MURRILL JEFFRIES

ILLUSTRATION BY FREDRICK RYAN

Graham had to admit that it was the questions from the group which were really the cause of the extended time. The speaker was a judge and, surprisingly enough, she was quite attractive in a grave sort of way. She had spoken on juvenile delinquency and some of the statistics were really shocking. All the women frowned and shook their heads in horror when she told some of the experiences she had had as a judge of a juvenile court. What was this country coming to, they had thought, when such things went on right under your very nose? Maybe this club could help. If it could, Mrs. Graham told herself, then she was justified in any sacrifices she had to make to attend the meetings and take part on committees. The only trouble was that she got involved. It always took more time than she had planned. When the children were small she had felt so tied down at home that she was glad when they were older and she could get away and take part in the world about her. There was so little that was creative in the home these days. A woman would simply dry up if she didn't have some outside interests.

And of course she had her husband to consider, too. He was away from home all day and when he came home she wanted to have interesting things to talk about, not just her daily chores. She wanted a contact with outside interests so that she could keep up with him in every way. She didn't want to become a has-been. And what was more she didn't intend to if she could help it.

She glanced outside at the houses they passed. Lights were beginning to come on, for darkness came early in the fall. The bus passed so many houses, each with its little yard, its own front door, its mailbox on the wall. Children were leaving the sidewalks with their tricycles and their skates and going each into his own door. The things the judge had said about juvenile delinquents kept coming to her mind and Mrs. Graham was glad that she lived in such a community as this one where the children had advantages and where the mothers didn't have to worry about those horrible things happening to them. It was all the more reason that she and the other mothers must go out from their own homes and help protect others. It was getting awfully dark to be so early. She hoped fervently that Mary Ann and Joe would go in and turn on some lights. Mary Ann wouldn't mind but Joe was still something of a baby, even if he had passed his eighth birthday. He was still afraid of the dark.

Mrs. Graham shifted in her seat, wishing that the bus wouldn't have to make so many stops.

She was grateful for one thing anyway, she kept reminding herself. She was a good manager. Before leaving this morning she had molded a meat loaf which would cook in her pressure cooker in little more than half an hour. She had also a good supply of frozen vegetables in the frozen food compartment of their large new refrigerator. She also had some canned biscuits which could be baked in eight to ten minutes. She could have dinner on the table in plenty of time because of all these conveniences. Sometimes when she thought of all the work and the trouble her mother and the women of her generation had had to go to just to get food on the table, she shuddered. She was grateful to be living in this new convenient age. It gave you so much more time for other things. Why, her mother even had to bake her own bread.

The bus kept rumbling along and no one was talking. All the passengers seemed to be tired and trying to catch a few minutes' rest after a day's work. Or perhaps they were just bored with this everyday bus ride.

THE MECHANICAL sounds of the bus and the drone of the motor gave her a dreamy sensation and her mind went back to her own childhood when she thought of her mother baking bread.

It was no wonder that her mother had to stay at home so much. Cooking took so much time in those days. She used to like to watch her mother as she mixed the bread in the big blue crock, using large quantities of flour, and water from potatoes she had cooked, and all the other things.

Then the yeast. Yeast was such a fascinating thing. She had always loved to watch it make the bread rise in so many big bubbles. As a child she had liked to think that it was a little magic cake and each time her mother made bread she would watch to see if the magic would work.

It always did, making the dough rise so that her mother would have to take her fist and push it down again into the big dishpan. It would sit in a warm place near the big cookstove, and hours later her mother would put flour on a big breadboard and pull the sticky dough out of the pan and roll and knead it with rhythmic motions of her hands.

Then she would make it out into loaves and grease the tops, three in each large pan, and set them on top of the warming oven with a clean dishcloth lightly covering them. Again the dough would have to be given time to rise and the big pans were put into the oven to bake.

All the children would gather around waiting for the bread to be done. No one wanted to miss the wonderful fragrance or be absent when the glossy brown loaves were taken from the oven and turned upside down on a towel to cool, with their black pans still on them like long, odd hats. For they all knew that even though their mother would complain each time about having to cut fresh bread and ruin the shape of the loaf, she would take one loaf and a big butcher knife and cut thick, soft

slices, letting the steam rise as the knife went through, and the hot bread would melt the butter that was spread on it. Mrs. Graham could remember nothing in all her life that had given her the satisfaction that she had felt when she was allowed to eat a slice of that fresh, hot, fragrant bread.

But she thought now of all the hours that had gone into that one job and she was grateful that she could send Mary Ann to the store to buy a loaf of bread already sliced at any time—or open a can of biscuits at a moment's notice. Yes, there was no question about it, the work connected with keeping house and cooking had certainly been reduced to a minimum. This was an age for women. For the first time in history and in this as in perhaps no other country, women had ceased to become drudges and were permitted to have interesting lives of their own.

Yet, curiously, the thought came to Mrs. Graham just as the bus stopped at her own street that, although she remembered her mother as always being at home and always busy at something connected with her home or her family, she had never appeared to herself or to anyone else as a drudge. But perhaps that was because they were all so interested in their own problems that no one thought of how she might feel.

MARY ANN was standing on the front steps, her long braids dangling across her back. As her mother came hurriedly up the walk she thought of what a grown-up little girl her daughter was. But as she came nearer she could see a droop to her shoulders which looked very young. Then Mary Ann saw her, and with her brown skirt bouncing around her bare legs she came running to meet her mother. Her face was distorted with worry.

"Mary Ann, what's the matter? Is something wrong? Where is Joe?" Sudden fright came and clutched Mrs. Graham so that she could hardly breathe.

Then Mary Ann started to cry. "Joe is a big crybaby. He is in the house crying now. I couldn't make him stop. We had to go in because it was dark, and he forgot that you were gone and he went in and called you and when you didn't answer he started to cry. I turned on some lights like you told me to but he wouldn't stop crying."

Gathering her daughter in her arms, Mrs. Graham held her a moment before hurrying into the house. Joe was in her bedroom with his head on his mother's pillow, his feet hanging over the edge of the bed, bumping on the floor.

"Joe, what is the matter, honey? You knew where I was, didn't you?"

Joe lifted red, swollen eyes and wiped the tears from his face with his sleeve and threw his arms about his mother's waist. "I wanted you. I called you and you didn't answer." He kept sobbing even while he spoke.

Quiet desperation settled upon Mrs. Graham and she was at her wit's end. She was hungry and tired herself and she felt that all of this was completely uncalled for. It wasn't as though the children weren't big enough to wait on themselves or that there was any danger in their being in the house alone at this time of day with neighbors within twenty feet of the house on either side. Besides, she had not planned to be this late. The committee meeting had come up and she couldn't get out of it. Then the bus had been so slow. She had hoped that her children would be self-sufficient by the time they were this big. She had tried to help them to be.

"Well," she said almost crossly, "I'm home now, so you can stop crying. Let me change my clothes and we'll go into the kitchen and get supper."

"I'm hungry now," Joe whined, and his mother looked at him and wondered about this son of hers. What kind of man would he make, if this kept up? She had wanted a "regular fellow" sort of son. Maybe she had babied him too much. But she knew in her heart that she had not. She had been careful to help her children to think for themselves and to become independent. He hadn't always been like this. He had seemed to be a happy, healthy little boy until he started to school. Maybe she should take him to a doctor. She would talk to Doug about it tonight after supper.

Both children followed her into the kitchen and sat at the table watching her. She could get the meal ready much more quickly if they would just get out of the way, but they looked so little and forlorn she didn't have the heart to mention it. Joe pulled a slice of bread out of its waxed paper cover and started eating it.

"Here, honey, let me put some butter on it, at least," his mother said and went to the refrigerator. But the butter was so hard it wouldn't spread and lay on the bread in big chunks. She watched Joe gulp the bread and her heart felt sick within her. The poignant memory came to her again of the thick slices of hot bread her mother used to give her with the butter melting yellow and lovely and the fragrance filling the warm kitchen. This bread and butter was just as nutritious she was sure. It was just the fragrance that was missing.

After supper she told Doug about her problem. Her husband was tired, too, and agreed quickly and a little absent-mindedly, she thought, that she should take Joe to see a doctor.

"I'll admit that he doesn't act like a little boy should. Maybe he needs some vitamins. He might be anemic. We have a good pediatrician, so we might as well call on him." He turned to his paper and while the children played in their own bedrooms, their mother washed the dishes and straightened up the kitchen.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

—Samuel Johnson

Dr. White's office was warm and friendly with good furniture and lamps and bird prints on the soft green walls. Mrs. Graham was thankful for the modern medical care her children had had ever since they were born. She had never neglected their shots and their checkups and they always had been chubby, happy children. That is, they had been until about two years ago when Joe started to school. He changed then in so many ways. He probably wasn't adjusted to his school environment. She would talk to the doctor about that.

After the thorough checkup she helped Joe put his clothes back on and asked him to look at some of the books in the waiting room while she had a private conference with the doctor. She took the chair by his desk as she had done for so many years, and presently Dr. White in his white jacket came in carrying the manila folder containing Joe's record since babyhood. She waited while the doctor looked over the record. Then he started speaking without looking up at her.

"Well, Mrs. Graham, Joe seems to be in good physical condition. He is just a little underweight and nervous. How is his appetite?"

"Oh, fine. He eats well, but then he is very active. He probably runs it off."

"Is there anything special that you are worried about?"

"Yes, Dr. White, there is. Joe is afraid of the dark and is something of a crybaby. If I don't happen to be at home when he comes in, he seems frightened. He always calls me the minute he gets inside the front door."

"Hum-n-n-n." The doctor mused. "Does he seem to have a feeling of insecurity? When did this first start?"

"When he started to school. Before that he was fine. But I can't understand it. He seems to get along pretty well in school. His reports are satisfactory and I see no reason for his having a feeling of insecurity. We have always provided our children with everything they need but we haven't spoiled them. We have tried to make them grow up into well-adjusted, self-sufficient children."

For several minutes the doctor was silent and Mrs. Graham waited. Finally he spoke. "There are several approaches we could make to this problem, Mrs. Graham. And it is a problem, I assure you, because it is just such emotional disturbances as this which often lead to serious trouble later, especially when a child reaches his teens. Physically he seems normal. Perhaps you may need to be at home when he calls, at least for a while. Evidently he is disturbed to find you gone. Are you gone much, Mrs. Graham?"

"Well, I am interested in several different clubs but they are very worth while and I think my children need to learn that they can't monopolize all of my time. I think it will make them more self-sufficient. I had to stay at home so much before Joe started to school that, frankly, I got sick of it."

"Well, naturally, I am not around the boy enough to say what is troubling him emotionally. I can give him physical checkups but it takes a good psychiatrist to really get at the root of the trouble. I shall be glad to recommend several good ones. But you may be able to solve it yourself, since you are with your boy more than anyone else. You think it over and let me know what you want to do. I'll work with the psychiatrist in any way I can." He turned to his desk and wrote out a prescription. "We'll give him some vitamins to help build up his weight, anyway."

"Was there anything wrong with me?" Joe asked later.

"No, you were fine. He gave me a prescription for some vitamins to help put a few pounds on you. That's all, I think."

"I knew there wasn't anything wrong with me. What kind of vitamins are they? Buy me a comic book, will you?"

ALL THE WAY home on the bus Mrs. Graham sat beside her son and was thankful that she had bought him the comic book. She wanted to think. The suggestion that she take Joe to a psychiatrist had been a shock to her for some reason which she could not explain. It sounded official, like some of the things the judge had talked about when she spoke of juvenile delinquents. She smiled to herself. Not that there was any danger of her children being delinquent. Or was there? The doctor had said that emotional disturbances and a feeling of insecurity often led to trouble in the teens. Did the street you lived on guarantee that they would not have troubles? But he had suggested a psychiatrist. Did you have to have a specialist to tell you what was wrong with your son's emotions? She knew that there were times when that might be necessary but she wondered what her mother would have said if she were alive and heard about it. She would have said, "You're his mother, aren't you?"

Whenever she thought of her mother at a time like this, she realized that the memory of her always brought back the fragrance of homemade bread and the cozy warmth of a kitchen heated by a cookstove. Her mother had never heard of vitamins and she usually told the doctor, when one had to be called, what was wrong with the child rather than the other way around. Her mother had provided them with physical comforts and proper food but she herself did that for her children. Then what was the difference?

The vision came to her of Joe crying because he called "mother"

(*Continued on page* 28.)

True politeness consists in being easy one's self, and in making everyone about one as easy as one can.

—Alexander Pope

Praise God for Wheat

Praise God for wheat all white and sweet
Of which to make our bread;
Praise God for yellow corn with which
His waiting world is fed.
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl
He gave to men for food,
Praise God for winter's stores of ice,
Praise God for summer's heat;
Praise God for fruit-trees, bearing seed,
"To you it is for meat."
Praise God for all the bounty
By which the world is fed.

—ANONYMOUS

Prayer

Eternal God, when we think of the immensity of the universe, we realize what a tiny part of it we are. Yet when we think of thee as Jesus taught us to think, as our Father, we are filled with wonder and thanksgiving. Thou art the loving Father of each one of us, knowing our yearnings, answering our prayers, offering us everything good and beautiful. We do thank thee, our Father, and pray for more and more understanding. In Jesus' name. Amen.

—WILLIAM CLOUGH

Now Sing We a Song for the Harvest

Now sing we a song for the harvest;
Thanksgiving and honor and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days.

For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To delver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

O thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating,
Thanksgiving and honor and praise.

—JOHN W. CHADWICK



WORSHIP IN THE

with Y

WORSHIPING GO

IN THE FALL of the year when the harvest been gathered in, everyone is more conscio the good gifts which God has bestowed upon We live in a good land of productive soil and f plains, and one rich in all natural resources. W take it for granted, at times, until some special calls us to count our blessings.

When one reads in the Old Testament the des tion of the land into which God led the Israelit they came out of Egypt, one might think the des tion aptly fitting to our own land.

For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into good land, a land of brooks of water, of fou tains and springs, flowing forth in valleys a hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines a fig-trees and pomegranates; a land of olive-tre and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bre without scarceness, thou shalt not lack an thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, a out of whose hills thou mayest dig copper. A thou shalt eat and be full, and thou shalt bl the Lord thy God for the good land which hath given thee.

—Deuteronomy 8:7-10.

Before there can be real thanksgiving, there m first be a realization and appreciation of bless bestowed. So children must be led to appreciate gift and blessing of living in a good land.

The public schools and public press make muc the Thanksgiving festival. Children often think the Pilgrims were the first ones to honor God wi day of Thanksgiving. They should be led to t of how ancient peoples praised God for his good and care for them. During this month you m read to your children the laws governing the feas Tabernacles, the Jewish Thanksgiving festival (23:39-44; Neh. 8:13-18) and discuss this a religious custom with them.

Knowing of the revival of the ancient law u Nehemiah may help your children to see in it

Children



HIS GOOD GIFTS

rn for the first Thanksgiving feast which the ims held, and some of the customs which are observed today.

And Nehemiah, who was the governor, and ra the priest the scribe, and the Levites that ught the people, said unto all the people, is day is holy unto the Lord your God. . . en he said unto them, Go your way, eat the , and drink the sweet, and send portions unto n for whom nothing is prepared; for this day holy unto our Lord.

—Nehemiah 8:9, 10.

ere are blessings other than food which God has wed on us in rich measure and which should be nized at the Thanksgiving season. These include lessings of home and family, of freedom to think s own thoughts; of good books to stimulate one's l; schools where we may learn, the joy of friend- and the like.

e poems on these pages, and the following Scrip- verses may be used in conversation or in more al worship experiences.

ll give thanks unto the Lord according to his ghteousness,
will sing praise to the name of the Lord Most gh.

—Psalm 7:17.

ll give thanks unto the Lord with my whole art;
l show forth all thy marvellous works.
l be glad and exult in thee;
ll sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

—Psalm 9:1-2.

I may make the voice of thanksgiving be ard,
tell of all thy wondrous works.

—Psalm 26:7.

l praise the name of God with a song,
will magnify him with thanksgiving.

—Psalm 69:30.

Thanksgiving Hymn

Harvest fields with gold aglow,
Laden branches bending low,
Crowded garners, closing year,
Sing, "Thanksgiving-time is here."

Lord, we know not how to tell
All the thanks our hearts that swell,
Hearts that full of grateful cheer,
Sing, "Thanksgiving-time is here."

On each garner, on each home,
Let thy crowning blessings come;
While we, nigh the closing year,
Sing, "Thanksgiving-time is here."

—SOURCE UNKNOWN

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Hymn of Thanksgiving

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
Who givest all.

To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live
Who givest all!

—CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

Prayer

We thank thee, our Father, for the earth that grows our food. We thank thee for the workers who plant and tend and harvest and distribute it. We thank thee for the life in every seed and cell. We thank thee for thy life in every living thing. Reveal more of thy great plan for us each day. Amen.

—WILLIAM CLOUGH

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CUDDLE BEAR MAKES SOME SNOWBALLS



A Story

by

ANNE M. HALLADAY

THE FIRST SNOW of winter had come. Piney Forest lay white and silent under its deep blanket.

When Cuddle Bear peeked out of the mine door he could hardly wait to get outside. Everything looked so different. What yesterday had been rocks were now white humps. The bushes wore soft mittens and the pine trees looked out from beneath hoods of snow. It was like discovering a new forest.

"I'll sweep off the step and clean our path," Cuddle Bear told Big Brown Bear Mama just so he could have some excuse to go out-of-doors." Then I'll go over and make a path for Grandpa Grizzly."

"But, Cuddle Bear, the snow is heavy. It will not be as easy as you think. Perhaps you had better wait and have Big Brown Bear Papa help you."

But Cuddle Bear did not want to wait. He wanted to go outside right then.

"Oh no, I can do it." Cuddle Bear straightened his furry shoulders to show Big Brown Bear Mama how tall and strong he was. Then he ran across and slipped into his coat. He took down Big Brown Bear Mama's pine needle broom and looked up at her.

"I'll have it done in a jiffy," he said as he opened the door.

Mmm! Cuddle Bear sniffed the cold air. It smelled sweet and clean.

Now, swipe, went the broom across the doorstone where the snow was not very deep.

Cuddle Bear smiled. It left a clean bare strip across the step. Big Brown Bear Mama just did not know how strong he was, that was all.

Cuddle Bear lifted his broom for the second stroke.

But this time there was no swipe. This time the broom stopped still about half way across the doorstone. A heavy pile of snow held it and would not budge. Cuddle Bear pushed and poked. At last he moved a little from the top of the pile. Then he was able to finish.

And now with each sweep toward the outer edge of the stone the snow grew deeper and heavier. It was taking much longer than Cuddle Bear had thought it was going to. And if the snow was this heavy on the doorstep what would it be on the path? Cuddle Bear was beginning to wish that he had not been so sure about not wanting Big Brown Bear Papa to help him. He sat down on the cleaned-off doorstone to rest a minute.

A few minutes later Big Brown Bear Mama opened the door a crack to hand Cuddle a honey cake. Cuddle Bear looked up and made a little confession to Big Brown Bear Mama.

"The snow is heavy, Big Brown Bear Mama. Perhaps I had better wait for Big Brown Bear Papa." Just to admit this made Cuddle Bear feel a little better.

Big Brown Bear Mama opened the door now.

"I think that you have done very well to get the doorstone clean," she smiled at Cuddle.

"I like to be out doors, though," Cuddle said between bites of the honey cake.

"Well, sit there a while," Big Brown Bear Mama answered as she closed the door. "It is not too cold and it surely is pretty."

So Cuddle Bear did sit there looking about and trying to guess what all the humps and bumps were. Why even his grapevine swing was trimmed with white and had a soft seat of snow. As he sat there Cuddle Bear poked at a lump of snow with his foot. It rolled a little and grew bigger. Then Cuddle Bear poked it again. This time it grew bigger still and made a ball.

Then all in a minute something happened. The big ball of snow started to roll down the slope of the forest path. It rolled and rolled until it hit a stone.

CUDDLE BEAR stood watching. Then Cuddle Bear's mouth dropped open and his eyes grew round and big. Why, what was he seeing?

For where the ball of snow had rolled it had left the path clean and bare. The rolling ball had picked up and taken the snow with it as it went.

"E-e-e!" Cuddle Bear cried out. "Big Brown Bear Mama, come and see!"

And as once again Big Brown Bear Mama came to the door, Cuddle Bear pointed.

"Look, I know a way that I can clean the path."

Cuddle Bear made a small snowball in his paws and put it down on the ground then started it rolling down the path. Sure enough, as he pushed, the ball left a clean bare trail behind him.

"Now I can c l e a n Grandpa Grizzly's path easy as—"

"As eating honey cakes," Big Brown Bear Mama laughed and finished for him.

Cuddle Bear made another snowball. This one left the home path clean and wide enough. Then he was off up the hill to clean Grandpa Grizzly's. Grandpa Grizzly was delighted with Cuddle Bear's new discovery.

"I told Big Brown Bear Papa just yesterday that you were a smart little bear," Grandpa Grizzly chuckled. "And if you will wait just a minute I think that I have some pinion nuts that I have been saving for a smart little bear." And sure enough it was not long before Grandpa Grizzly came back with a whole pawful of the rich brown goodies.

"Thank you, Grandpa Grizzly," Cuddle Bear said as he started home.

As Cuddle Bear walked back down the slope under the snowy arch that forest bushes made about him, he nibbled the piney nuts and thought about what he had learned. He would remember it always.

"When the snow is wet I can make it clean its own path."

Cuddle Bear had put this down in his fuzzy little head. This was the way little bears learned. For Cuddle Bear did not go to school. But each thing that Big Brown Bear Papa or Big Brown Bear Mama or Grandpa Grizzly or the forest taught him, yes each thing Cuddle Bear learned for himself, went into his fuzzy little head to be remembered and used when he needed it. That was how little bears grew to be good and wise bigger bears.

Cadwallader Cuckoo

A

Story by

ELEANOR HAMMOND

Courageous Cadwallader, the cuckoo who couldn't quit.

CADWALLADER CUCKOO lived in a small but tasteful apartment in the top of a clock. Cadwallader was proud of his little home, which had a carved door. When he went out on his porch he had a fine view of the Johnson living room. Beyond, through the window, he could glimpse the Johnson garden, green with leaves in the spring and white with snow in the winter.

Early every morning Cadwallader opened his door and put his head out into the empty living r o o m. "Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!" Cadwallader shouted from his porch. This meant: "Get up, Mr. Johnson! Time to shake up the furnace!"

Thereupon Mr. Johnson would come sleepily out of the big bedroom and go toward the basement.

"Cuckoo!" Cadwallader called to him cheerfully after the furnace was burning warmly.

A little later Cadwallader came out of his door again and cried: "Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo-c u c k o o-cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!" meaning: "Time to start breakfast, Mrs. Johnson!" And Mrs. Johnson would come sleepily out of the big bedroom and start cooking oatmeal.

"Cuckoo!" Cadwallader called to her when the oatmeal and toast and coffee were ready.

A little later Cadwallader bustled out importantly to call Karen Johnson to get up and get ready for school. Sometimes he had to be quite firm about it and use his loudest "Cuckoos."

In the middle of the morning Cadwallader reminded Mrs. Johnson to give Bobby, the baby, his orange juice and cod liver oil. At twelve o'clock he always told her that Karen would be home for lunch shortly. At five in the afternoon he reminded Mrs. Johnson to start dinner, and at eight he told Karen firmly that it was bedtime.

"I don't see how I could keep house without C a d w a l l a d e r Cuckoo," Mrs. Johnson said sometimes—which made Cadwallader feel repaid for all his trouble.

One morning, however, Cadwallader felt barely able to open his door and stagger out on his porch to tell Mr. Johnson to shake up the furnace. When it came time to call Karen, Cadwallader felt almost too weak to put his head through the door of his apartment.

"Dear me! Perhaps I should just stay in bed today," Cadwallader thought. "I must be coming down with mumps or measles or pneumonia."

But when it was time for Baby Bobby's orange juice and cod liver oil, Cadwallader roused himself. "Mrs. Johnson might forget if I didn't remind her! She relies on me to tell her—and I have never yet failed her!" So Cadwallader

struggled out through his door and gave the proper number of cuckoo calls.

He found it even harder to remind Mrs. Johnson that Karen would be coming home for lunch—but with a great effort he managed it.

"I have always been known for my promptness and reliability," Cadwallader told himself firmly. "I must not shirk my duties—even if I have mumps or measles or pneumonia. Or maybe it's influenza."

After lunch Mrs. Johnson was very, very busy. She whisked through the lunch dishes and the baby's ironing and began packing clothes and bottles and cans of baby food into bags and suitcases. She hardly noticed poor weak Cadwallader as he struggled out to tell her the time.

"We must leave the house promptly at four to catch the four-fifteen bus," Mrs. Johnson said once, glancing toward the door of Cadwallader's apartment above the clock. "I shall barely make it!"

When Karen came home from school she was jumping and squeaking with excitement. "Are we all ready to start for Aunt Bonnie's? Did you put in my plaid dress and my favorite doll? Oh, what fun it is going for a trip on the bus and a visit!" Karen squealed.

Mrs. Johnson mopped her forehead wearily. "Yes, we're all ready. We'll start as soon as Cadwallader Cuckoo says it is four o'clock," she told Karen.

Behind his carved door Cadwallader heard what Mrs. Johnson said—and Cadwallader knew it was time to open the door and say: "Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!"

"But I simply CAN'T!" Cadwallader groaned. "I'm just too weak! I haven't an ounce of strength left!"

Then Cadwallader shook himself. "I MUST! If I don't, Mrs. Johnson and the children will miss that bus! Karen will be disappointed! Aunt Bonnie will be worried. Baby Bobby may catch cold waiting in the snow for the next bus. I must—and if I must, I CAN!" Cadwallader resolved.

With his last ounce of strength he pushed open his door and called weakly: "Cuckoooo-cuckoooooo—"

Then he flopped indoors again and collapsed in a corner.

But Mrs. Johnson and Karen and Baby Bobby were safely on their way to the bus.

Late in the evening Cadwallader roused himself. He suddenly felt quite strong again. He hopped briskly out of his door. "Cuckoo!" he told Mr. Johnson cheerfully.

"That's better!" Mr. Johnson laughed. "We couldn't get along without your cheerful voice, Cadwallader! I missed you the minute I came in and found the clock hadn't been wound!"

The Fragrance of Homemade Bread

(*From page* 23.)

and no one had answered, and then she saw him sitting in the chrome and porcelain kitchen eating a slice of cold bread with chunks of hard butter, while his mother opened a can of biscuits and cooked a quick and efficient meal. The vitamins were there but the fragrance was missing. Could it be, she asked herself, that the fragrance of bread and all that that implied nourished the emotions as much as the bread itself nourished the body? Was that what the doctor had meant?

Perhaps she had been too efficient in rearing her children just as she was in other things. Maybe children were like homemade bread, too. They took a lot of time and attention. You had to work with them and then you had to let them, like the dough, have time to rise. But all the time you had to be on hand to watch and attend to them when the time came again. It was a slow process and it took up your whole life; but in the end there was a difference. Perhaps rearing children was a homemade job and one shouldn't try to substitute too many ready-made helps. A psychiatrist indeed? She was his mother, wasn't she? All the conveniences should only give her more time for companionship and understanding without so much hard work, but they should never replace a homemade mother.

She would find out what was wrong with Joe herself. Or was she really the one with a problem? The fragrance of homemade bread! She would have that kind of home, at least, during the years when her children were at home. Suddenly she saw women's lives divided into sections or periods. Nothing was so important now as her children. Later she could be free to take a greater part in other activities. She wouldn't have to give up everything even now, but she would let nothing interfere with the *fragrance* of her home.

Indeed, what was to prevent her from making bread herself once in a while? Was there any reason to leave out anything that good just because it could be bought ready-made? She turned to Joe and started to speak and then stopped. Joe wouldn't know what she was talking about if she told him that she was going to make some bread. She would wait and make it. She knew she could. She had watched every step so many times. Besides, there was her recipe file and her cookbooks. She smiled when she thought of her mother's kitchen without a single cookbook.

Tomorrow when Joe would come into the door and call "Mother," she knew where she would be. He would know, too, without even waiting for her answer. He would be able to follow his nose, to follow the fragrance of the bread to the kitchen, and, she hoped, to his mother's understanding heart.

What Kind of DISCIPLINE?

by MARY PEACOCK

What does the word "discipline" bring to your mind? Punishment? Harsh rules? But there is a different kind of discipline which in the end is the most meaningful of all.

SHORTLY BEFORE her mother's birthday, small Martha sagely remarked: "I'm not going to ask what you want for your birthday, Mommy, 'cause I know just what you'll say. You'll say, 'I want a good little girl, dear!'"

Now I suppose that most parents do want good children more than anything else in the world. But how can we make them good? Or more important yet, how can we make them want to be good? So whether we like it or not, we find ourselves right back at the age-old problem of discipline.

Perhaps you do not like the word "discipline," for it doesn't sound very pleasant, does it? It may make you think of punishment, or strict enforcement of some set of rigid rules. But discipline actually has a much larger meaning. Discipline may refer to teaching or instruction, training in self-control or obedience to given standards. The definition which I prefer to all the others is, discipline is "training which corrects, molds, strengthens or perfects." In order to have good children—happy children, in a happy home—discipline is certainly something to be seriously considered by those who have the responsibility of helping to mold young lives.

Is there a little toddler in your home? Psychologists maintain that a person's character is formed during the first six years of life. So in looking about for a yardstick by which to measure the amount of discipline needed for very young folk, let us keep a few general thoughts in mind. Remember that all training must be directed at the child's greatest good, and not at any gratification for ourselves. Our children are not our personal property, in the sense that the usual worldly possessions are—each child is an individual, with a mind and soul of his own. It is our job to guide these individuals through the growing-up process into the healthy-minded, well-adjusted men and women we would like them to be. We cannot do it without discipline—not the discipline of force or fear, but the discipline of *love*.

We all know the need the small child feels for love and security. So love becomes the perfect medium through which discipline may be introduced to him. If he feels secure in the love of his parents, and knows that their affection will never be withheld from him even when he is naughty, he will gradually learn to accept restraint or disappointment. He will grow to want to do what his parents would like to have him do, in order to please them.

But life with Junior is not all smooth sailing. Even with love and security assured, puzzling problems will arise. I'm thinking of Kenny, who flew into a rage every time he was denied anything. His harassed mother insisted that he would not get it by crying, but a look at her worried, uncertain face one day suggested that it was worth a try, anyhow. So Kenny held forth a little more lustily and quite a little longer. And because mother's nerves were on edge, and because she wondered what the neighbors must be thinking, she gave in. Kenny had won his battle and mother had lost hers—not just for the moment, but for all the years ahead. The child had discovered that he could superimpose his will on that of his parents.

Most all youngsters have fits of rage now and then, and angrily demand their own way. And since no two of the little darlings are alike, we cannot expect to lay down a specific law for dealing with them. Perhaps if Kenny had been left alone in his room until the tantrum had spent itself, his mother might have been able to talk over his problem with him quietly, and help him to see why he could not have what he wanted. But whether this method worked or not, the child would at least

have learned that stubborn, angry crying doesn't pay.

There are other problems that are fairly common. One of these nights, Junior may decide that he does not want to be left alone in the dark, and though you assure him until you're blue in the face that there's nothing to be afraid of, it will do no good. However you decide to handle it, just don't lose your patience, as Steve's mother did, and give the poor youngster a sound spanking to "settle him down." Then he may always associate the punishment with the occasion, as Steve did, and really grow afraid of the dark. One mother met this problem with a simple but effective solution. "How will it be if I leave a light in the hall, and don't close your door tightly?" she asked, when reasoning had failed. "Then you can see the light peeping through the crack until you fall asleep." Was this mother pampering her child? I do not know. I only know that it was not long before the child had entirely forgotten her fear of the dark, the light in the hall was no longer necessary, and the bedroom door was tightly closed once the youngster had cozily snuggled down.

THERE ARE children who deliberately misbehave in order to gain their parents' attention—especially when there's a new baby in the home. When this occurs, the child needs gentleness and understanding. The Mother will plan to let the older child assist in the care of the baby, and Father will try to squeeze in a little extra playtime exclusively with his first born. Then the problem will disappear and the feeling of jealousy diminish. All the little fellow wanted, anyhow, was to feel sure of his own place in the affection of his parents.

There is the child who tells falsehoods and insists that every word is true. Do not be guilty of punishing small children for being unable to draw a line at the point where reality ends and imagination begins. Listen to those amazing stories with due interest and comment, then pass on to something else. Later on, when Junior has matured a bit, it will be different. But now, there's no cause for distress. The child is merely passing through a perfectly normal phase of development.

Right along this line comes the problem of those so-called "bad" words. Your child will hear things you would much rather he did not hear—especially when you find him repeating them with evident delight. There was Tommy—whose mother was astounded at the "bad" word he had picked up and repeated for her benefit. Tommy's mother sprinkled a liberal pinch of cayenne pepper on her son's tongue, to impress him with the wickedness of what he had said. The child was stricken and surprised. Why should he be hurt when he had not intended any harm? Would it not have been wiser, and certainly kinder, if his mother had not attached such significance to the word? She could have called his attention to something else, another word with a brand-new sound, for instance? Then the "bad" word would not have assumed such large proportions in Tommy's mind. He would probably have forgotten all about it in a short while. But as it was, he harbored it, along with a feeling of resentment, and stored it away for future use.

Somehow, parents, it all boils down to this: we need as much discipline as these pre-school children of ours—self-discipline, that is. We need to practice patience, firmness and consistency in dealing with the problems that crop up. Above all, we need to keep our love so bright and shining that our children never lose sight of it for an instant—even when we find it necessary to punish them.

There comes the day when Junior marches off to school, and you suddenly realize that he is not a baby any more. The elementary school child has reached the point where he must learn to live with others outside of his family circle. He has become part of a social group, and must conform to certain rules of society. But here again, remember that rules must be *reasonable,* if we expect them to



—*Harold M. Lambert.*

The small child's greatest need is for love and security.

be followed willingly. We must not try to push our children into set patterns of conduct, for each child is different. At this stage of the game, they are changing so rapidly that we must be on our toes every single minute if we expect to understand them, and find out "what makes them tick."

There is the question of sportsmanship—the importance of teaching the child to "play fair." There is the matter of honesty to be reckoned with, too. Children of elementary school age should certainly be given an allowance—no matter how small—and taught self-discipline in the spending, saving, and giving of money. At this time, too, youngsters should become more conscious of necessary health habits. They should give some thought to manners—they should begin to understand the need for some semblance of neatness and order in their lives. The sense of personal responsibility must be nurtured and developed, and more than once, discipline must come into play if we expect our boys and girls to take their rightful places in society later on.

IN OUR HOME, there are three children—and three bicycles. The "bikes" are kept in the garage where the car is stored each night. But for a long while, our daddy, who happens to be a doctor, was annoyed by finding all three of the bicycles sprawled over the driveway at any hour of the day or night he happened to come in. He patiently put them away the first few times. We spoke to the children about the situation, and they promised to correct it. But it kept right on happening. Then we called the children together and explained to them that the "bikes" must be parked on the side of the driveway during the day, and put away in the garage by dinnertime each night. If a bicycle was found outside when daddy returned in the evening, the owner would not be allowed to take it out for the whole of the next day. My heart nearly melted when eight-year-old Diane sat on the steps a few days later, and tearfully watched her brother and sister ride away. But we had found the remedy. Oh, yes, they still forget occasionally—but all they need is a reminder. Then out they dash to put the "bikes" to bed before dark. Daddy is not having any more trouble with a blocked driveway.

If you have a boy, he will be getting into fights about this age. If it is possible to keep hands off, by all means do—unless it looks as if some bodily harm is about to result. When he has cooled off a bit, perhaps you can help him discover better ways of settling an argument. But do encourage him to make his own decisions. Let him begin to learn to stand on his own two feet.

Remember that the normal child is not bad. He is different from an adult, and has a different way of behaving. Perhaps we can help by avoiding too many "don't's," by putting the emphasis on right behavior rather than wrong, by trying to see that some definite pleasure is associated in the child's mind with right actions.

Time flies—and suddenly you discover that Junior is slicking down his hair, and looking at the girl next door with a new interest in his eye. He has become an adolescent. Your son is shooting up like a bean pole. He is putting on a little weight, and when you look at him, you are surprised to see how much like a man he has grown to be in form and stature. With this sudden growth, there's an awkwardness, too, and an increased sensitivity to the world about him. Because so many strange new feelings are churning around inside of him, he may rebel against authority. If his parents fail to realize that these outbursts are merely signs of entirely normal development, and be guided accordingly in their discipline, real friction and misunderstanding may result. You cannot say to an intelligent adolescent, "Mother knows best—now do as I say!" and expect to get away with it. If we adopt this superior attitude, the gulf between parent and child will only widen.

Dot, at sixteen, was pretty and popular. When her parents objected to the "after-party" hours her crowd was keeping, she countered with—"Oh, you're such old fogies! Everybody goes out with their dates after a party! If I came straight home the way you want me to, they'd think I was a drip."

Adolescents have to be kept busy. Hobbies, started in childhood, begin to grow, and we, as parents, should encourage them. Now, too, while the expanding young soul is so sensitive to beauty, romance and idealism, let's not forget about religion. This is the time to help our boys and girls find out more about God—to draw them closer to our churches—to help them want to seek the best in life.

THERE IS so much to be said about constructive discipline, and so little space in which to say it! But before signing off, I would like to draw up a simple set of disciplinary rules for parents, culled from the very general thoughts that have been presented here.

1. Never use disciplinary measures in such a way that your child grows to fear you.
2. Be tolerant at all times, and try to see the child's viewpoint before arriving at your final decision.
3. Keep a true sense of proportion, and never lose your sense of humor.
4. Be sure that your own emotions are under control, no matter how sorely your patience is tried.
5. Try to make your children as happy as you can, knowing that a happy childhood and adolescence is the best foundation on which to build a useful adult life.
6. Be guided at all times by Christian principles. Let the discipline practiced in your home be the discipline of love.

Know when to speak for many times it brings Danger, to give the best advice to kings.

—Robert Herrick



Reading aloud in the family is a rewarding and enriching experience. As the Christmas season draws near, families with young children will enjoy a new edition of **The Night Before Christmas,** by Clement C. Moore. This old familiar tale has been enlivened with modern illustrations by Esther Friend. From the front endpapers to the back ones, it is a charming book. Wilcox and Follet are the publishers. Price $1.00.

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Another book for family reading is **The Christmas Story.** As its name implies, this book tells the Christmas story in an arrangement of Scriptures that begins with the earliest prophecy foretelling the coming of the Redeemer, includes the two gospel stories of Christ's birth, and ends with Scriptures that show Jesus as the fulfillment of prophecy. The text is graphically illustrated with wood engravings by Nora Unwin. This is an Aladdin Book, price $2.00.

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Rural Prospect is a very readable book for adults and older young people. Mark Rich, the author, has had long and vital experience in rural work, both as a pastor and as secretary for the Town and Country work of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. His book is one that both rural and urban adults can read with interest and profit. Both are concerned in renewing the life of rural churches. Effective rural churches build a community by incorporating into it the kind of life that was in Christ "who loved the country things and country people." (Friendship Press, N. Y. 1950. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.50.

● ● ●

So Sure of Life is a great book by Violet Wood, an author who won fine commendation for **Great Is the Company** and **In the Direction of Dreams.** Miss Wood has portrayed for us a significant personality, Dr. Robert Thomas. Aided by his wife, **Eva,** the doctor has been meeting emergencies and performing modern miracles at Pittman Community Center on the edge of the Great Smoky Mountains. In this volume, which gives us a wide acquaintance with the mountain folk among whom the doctor lives his creative and fruitful life, there is to be had both pleasurable reading and inspiration. Friendship Press, N. Y. 1950. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $2.50.

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For youth, **Once There Were Two Churches,** by Fred Wentzel, is a challenging book. The two churches differ in the direction in which they look. The one looks in upon itself. The other looks out upon the community with great concern that expresses itself in action. Young people will appreciate the stories of what has been done in building Christian community. They will want to enlist their comrades in contributing to their own localities something of permanence and worth. Friendship Press, N. Y. 1950. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.75.

Frances Dunlap Heron's **The Busy Berrys** is a book for junior boys and girls. Lively with adventure and mystery, it is good reading. (Friendship Press, N. Y.)

● ● ●

A fascinating book for primary children is **The Three Henrys and Mrs. Hornicle** by Edith J. Agnew who taught Vacation School in the community where Mrs. Hornicle ventures forth establishing Sunday schools. The Three Henrys will delight the children. (Friendship Press, N. Y. 1950. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.75.)

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Does the family enjoy reading together a play, or a portion of a play? Try **Travelin',** by Winifred Baker. This one-act play deals with migrant workers and the service the church renders them. (Friendship Press, N. Y. 1950. Price, 35 cents.)

● ● ●

American children will follow with interest and pleasure the story told in **Moro Boy,** by Lysle Carveth (Longmans, Green and Co., 150 pages, $2.50). This is a modern story of Alug, a Filipino boy, who respects the customs of his people but who likes to think for himself. He thinks that change may not always be evil and that fighting does not always indicate bravery. These ideas cause him to be called a coward. In an effort to prove himself, he becomes involved in a series of adventures that make exciting reading and which make it clear that Alug is a hero. This book gives a good picture of the blending of the old and new in the Philippines.

● ● ●

All those who love pets will have their hearts warmed as they read **Good Luck Duck,** by Meindert Dejong (Harper and Brothers, 57 pages, $2.00). Timothy has a deep desire for a pet to keep him company in the quiet valley where he lives with his mother and father. When he goes with his parents to the Fair to ride the Ferris Wheel, he finds it broken down and he is in the depths of despair. How Timothy wins a duck; how the duck wins Timothy's heart; the commotion they cause; how they get home; the happiness in the quiet valley; make a tender story which will delight adults as well as children.

● ● ●

A charming book about life on the farm in 1908 is **The Jennifer Gift,** by Eunice Young Smith (Bobbs-Merrill Co., 256 pages, $2.50). The things the children did at school, the things they did after school, the pets they had and the friends they made hold the reader's interest. But the way Jennifer and her family celebrated Christmas becomes the climax of the story. This story is complete and satisfying in itself although the setting and the lovable family of Jennifer were first introduced in **The Jennifer Wish.**

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Nehru's Story, by Shakuntala Masani (published by Oxford University Press, New York, 81 pages, price $2.50). The life story of the great prime minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru, is told in brief, highly readable form for boys and girls from ten years old up. It is charmingly illustrated by the author herself. Older persons, even though familiar with the career of this unselfish leader, will find this account interesting and fresh. The tribulations through which this man and his friends passed for the freedom of his beloved India should inspire a new respect for the cause of liberty in all who read these pages. The author is the wife of the present ambassador of India to Brazil.

Family Counselors

Question: My little girl does not want to say her prayers. Shall I let her stop, or shall I insist that she say her grace and bedtime prayers?

Answer: I would say your trouble is apparent in the phrase you use, "say her prayers." Most children who have been taught a bedtime "now I lay me" and a mealtime "bless this food," and who have to say them whether they feel like it or not eventually rebel, for such prayer has little real meaning to them. Prayer is much more than that. Let me give you a few examples of real prayer:

Six-year-old Tommy has watched a beloved cat have her first three tiny, tiny kittens, and has noticed how she instinctively knows what to do, and how carefully she cares for them. Mother and Tommy bow their heads and say, "Thank you, God, for teaching Candy how to take care of her kittens."

Three-year-old Sally has seen Mother bow her head every night as she tucked her in bed, and even before she could understand the words has heard Mother say, "Show me, heavenly Father, how to take care of my little girl. Help me to be a good mother." As Sally notices the nightly ritual, she, too, bows her head, and the spontaneous prayer is changed to include Sally.

Nine-year-old Billy has succumbed to temptation and has taken a little of Mother's change "just to treat the fellows." As Daddy and Bill talk together and Bill sees the unfairness of what he did, and as they work out together a way in which Bill can have a little extra money, they bow their heads and "talk with God" together.

Teen-age Patty is worried over the way her friends are treating a poorly dressed, underprivileged girl in her Sunday school class. The family talks over the problem, and before deciding what to do, ask God to show them the way.

Five-year-old Jerry notices the lovely June night, the moon and the stars, and spontaneously starts to sing a kindergarten prayer song.

So prayer can be a part of almost every experience a child has. Memorized prayers are helpful, to use when the child's own words don't come, or to help guide his thoughts, but should never be used as the only prayer experience a child has. They are the means, not the end. To help you, may I suggest you read *The Opening Doors of Childhood* by Sherrill. And you will find *Tell Me About Prayer* by Mary Alice Jones a fascinating book for you and your child to read together.

E. N. J.

Question: My parents are very worried about me. The adjectives I could use to describe my sweetheart would put Romeo's balcony scene to shame. My parents feel I am wrong to say, "My high school romance is nothing more than a perfectly thrilling adventure." Am I wrong?

Answer: Such a romance may be nothing to be ashamed of. It may bring a thrill but it is always a good idea to ask what the stakes are before you begin playing any game. Let us suppose you are right; that spiritual, mental and physical intimacies with a beautiful and attractive member of the opposite sex is one of the most thrilling experiences of life. The question still remains, "How should I manage my romantic relations in order to enjoy this phase of life to the fullest over the longest period?"

Sometimes those who are willing to wait and refrain from early, ill-considered romance win thereby a right to claim a far finer and more permanently satisfactory one a little later.

Someone has said, "When a man marries he hangs something around his neck." It may be a life preserver or a millstone. Any boy who marries before he has finished his education is hanging a heavy stone on the chain around his neck regardless of who the girl may be.

Of course, there is the one who is a life preserver, a real helpmate instead of a millstone, but any young man is far more likely to recognize this rare girl when he is 25 rather than 15.

Now if you are one of those young men who must have a perfectly thrilling adventure, nothing can be finer than experimenting with sports or hobbies instead of a member of the opposite sex.

Love at first sight may be romantic but this is a plea that you take a second look. Maybe your thinking is much deeper and more sensible than the words you have used would indicate.

Parents do have a right to be concerned over their immature children's early romance. Be grateful that your parents are expressing only normal anxiety. You would have something to worry about if they were showing no interest in your activities.

You had better be sensible than sensational, for nothing can blow up your education and genuine peace of mind more completely and permanently than an ill-considered early romance which ends in a hasty marriage.

D. F.



Dorothy Faust

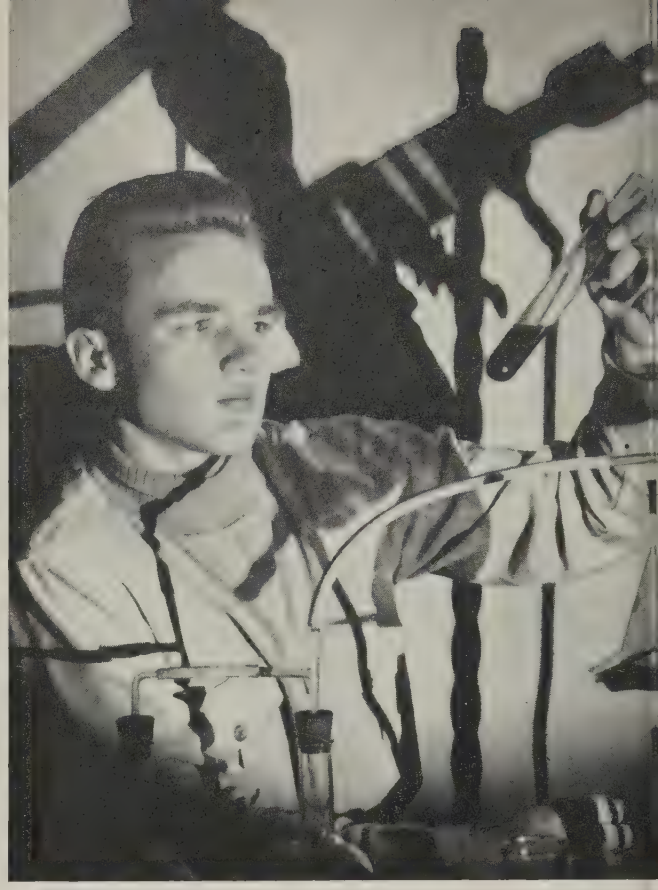


Elizabeth N. Jones

THE OFFICE CLOCK on the wall above her desk pointed, unbelievingly, only to four. Jane turned doggedly back to her transcription, hoping that the clock had stopped, or at least that it was losing time, but knowing full well that it was not. Would the day never end? Her head ached, more from boredom than fatigue, and her fingers were striking too many wrong keys. The Boss was particular about his letters. She probably should do this one over, but she was going to try to get by with it. Perhaps he would be catching the early train tonight and would sign his letters without too close inspection. Sometimes it seemed that she was pushing herself against her will all day long. The worst of it was that she was quite sure most of her fellow employees did not feel that way. Take Betty, the file clerk, for instance. She tackled her stacks of letters and papers every morning with a zest that could not be faked. And she turned to her file cases with such alacrity when somebody asked for a letter. Those files were models of precision and neatness. Betty might be working at United Nations headquarters, Jane had once remarked with a touch of bitterness, she was that proud of her job!

So Jane's thoughts raced through her tired brain as she pounded out "in regard to your letter of the fifteenth," *ad infinitum*. The buzzer sounded at her elbow. Now what? Another letter probably, to get out before five o'clock!

The tragedy of Jane is not that she is lazy or incompetent or suffering from ill health, as one might suppose. On the contrary, she is a healthy, vibrant, capable young lady. But she does not belong in a



—*Eva Lu*

What we love to do, we do well.

by
ERMA FERRARI

Vocational Guidance Begins at HOME

business office. She does not like detail; she is bored by routine; she suffers under a sedentary job. By the same token, she likes to do just about everything that is not required of a stenographer—meeting a variety of people, physical action, and using her taste for settings and beautiful effects along almost any line, be it clothes or room interiors.

Then how did Jane land in an office, taking routine dictation concerned with, to her, dull subjects? The answer is simple, and it applies in far too many job situations. Lacking any vocational guidance, ignorant of the wide field and variety of jobs in today's occupational world, Jane, and thousands of young people like her, turned to the training nearest at hand for the job that seemed almost inevitable. Such young people are likely to sign up for the business or general course in high school because they do not intend to go to college and a business or clerical job seems to be the only alternative, in their community at any rate. The result may be an unhappy, restless, dissatisfied worker, a misfit on the job, or if not a complete misfit, at best a worker who is not using his talents and aptitudes to best advantage to himself and society.

What does one do about it when formal vocational guidance is lacking in a community's schools and parents feel that their own knowledge and experience are not adequate for dealing with the problem? That the problem is important most parents and adult leaders recognize, for the experts tell us that the two most vital interests of young people are their marriage and their lifework.

If your sons and daughters are attending a city high school, the chances are that they have come under the supervision of a vocational counsellor. Even so, many such counsellors have too many students to care for adequately, too many to enable them to study each student personally. Guidance is a highly individualized problem. Ideally therefore, all types of guidance should start in the home and be carried on there as completely as possible.

Students in schools of small communities do not usually have the advantage of any formal vocational counselling. Their teachers may be able to help them in some degree but, as in all situations in life, Mother and Dad should be, and often must be, their best mentors and guides.

Here, then, are a few suggestions for your aid if you do not feel properly equipped to advise son Jim, whose only vocational idea at the moment is that "I don't know what I want to do," or daughter Mary, whose ambition is at least a lofty one—to be a stewardess on a long-flight passenger plane, the longer the flight, the better.

FIRST, a few negatives:

Do not be alarmed if your young people have no fixed idea about their lifework, or if their choice seems to you to be highly inappropriate or unwise, or if it changes from time to time. Those are normal stages in the growing process.

Do not try to coerce them into work in which they show no interest—to be a doctor or a lawyer because that is Dad's profession, or a teacher because we have always had teachers in our family, or a farmer if the farm holds no appeal. Don't ignore or try to stifle the gifts that God may have bestowed on your son or daughter, or try to cultivate what isn't there. To do so is to invite tragedy.

Do not be unduly worried if your adolescent son or daughter is not too concerned about working at all, if you cannot trace any streak of ambition in them. Such lazy periods, as well as affected sophistication and indifference, are also very frequently normal stages in the adolescent's growth. And it takes some young people, especially boys, what seems an eon of time to grow up and settle down to the serious business of life.

Do not emphasize the amount of money to be made, the position a certain profession may give one in society, and the purely mundance success to be had in the occupational world. Happiness in one's job, the opportunity it offers for mental and spiritual growth and the contribution one makes to society are of far greater importance. These three make for *satisfaction* in one's lifework. Mere money-making or a white collar frequently do not—as the money-makers themselves are often the first to admit.

But you are interested in positive measures. What can parents do to guide their young people toward proper vocational choices?

First, follow a basic principle in vocational guidance and that is, study the natural interests and aptitudes, the talents and personality of your son or daughter.



—*Eva Luoma.*

Give young people the opportunity to develop their natural interests.

If the daughter likes to make her own clothes, if she has a *feeling* for design, this natural bent should be directed to an occupation where she can put that talent to work, and there are many such. She does not belong in a business office, or in a library, or in a hospital. How she can discover a variety of occupational possibilities that call for her particular talent and skill will be suggested below. If Tom is mechanically inclined, if he can fix the radio and keep the family jeep in repair, he probably will not be happy as a shipping clerk or a lawyer. The point is, usually *we do well what we like to do,* and *we like to do what we do well.*

Second, talk with your young people about vocational possibilities in your own community, and beyond it. Read with them with the aid of the local or school librarian (both if you have both in your community) vocational magazines and books. Some of the best vocational literature is published, inexpensively, by Science Research Associates, 228 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois. Watch current magazines for vocational articles.

If you are in a position to do so, arrange with the young people's director of your church, or the president of the young people's group, to have a series of vocational discussions, led by people from the community and neighborhood communities who are engaged in various occupations. These talks should be in wide variety, ranging from the professions to the manual trades. The speakers should point out the training required, advantages and disadvantages of the job, what they enjoy about it, what natural aptitudes it calls for, and so on. Impress upon the speakers that they do not have to be public orators to help out in such sessions, but that their talks may be very informal—probably the more informal the better from the point of view of guidance. A question period should follow each speaker or series of speakers.

If your son or daughter has made what seems to be a wise vocational choice, at least tentatively, write to some authoritative source for more information about it. The address given above is one of the best. Another is the National Vocational Guidance Association, 82 Beaver Street, New York 5, N. Y. State clearly what information you need for your purposes. Another very helpful source is the *Handbook of Job Facts,* also published by Science Research Associates, $2.00 per copy.

AS WILL BE suggested in some of the literature you will receive, encourage your young people to avoid overcrowded professions and to consider long-range possibilities in their vocational selections. There are definite occupational trends in the world today. These are of course created and affected by scientific and cultural progress and change.

Young people often need time to make final choices, even after they have secured a job. Of course, "stick-to-it-iveness" must be encouraged, but two or three areas must sometimes be investigated. Impress upon them, however, that no job is perfection, and that they must learn to adjust themselves to certain situations and probably to certain people, in any occupation.

Emphasize the importance of solid training and education. There are no short-cuts to any good job, be it a profession or one calling for manual skill. Furthermore, before advancement on the job is given, it usually has to be earned. There is such a thing as "pull," but it is not the usual route to success. Promotion more frequently comes from intelligent application to one's work.

As a Christian parent, emphasize the Christian point of view in the choice of a lifework. Do not overlook the challenge of full-time Christian service. The paramount question for Christian young people, as they prepare to enter the world of work, is not, "What has the world got to give me?" but "What have I got to give the world?"

The Full Purse

He who gives nothing takes
nothing away
But a sense of bitterness and loss,
For he fails to spend what is his
to pay—
So his coin is dross.

He who gives freely of heart and
mind
Will find life neither bitter nor
dull—
For he who spends of his heart
will find
His purse is ever full.

—HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

Thanksgiving

We do not give Thanks on just one day,
But rather, in a humble way
We're glad for what each new day brings—
The Happiness in little things!

For Life, and Home, and Work and Friends—
For Thy great goodness, which never ends,
For the wind and clouds and stars and rain—
Knowing the sun will shine again!

And if Life has its sorrows and care,
Keep us thankful for the Joy that is there...
Keep us grateful, in simple ways
For this, and all Thanksgiving days!

—HELEN R. THOMAS

STUDY GUIDE

on "What Kind of Discipline"

Prepared by MARY PEACOCK

I. Report on the article, by the leader.
(NOTE: It is suggested that this report be guided by the "Rules for Parents" listed at the conclusion of the article.)

II. Guiding Principles for Different Age Groups.

A. Pre-School Children.

1. The primary need of the young child is his need for love. Therefore, the discipline we employ should not be that of fear or force, but the discipline of love.
2. Words of praise for good actions often accomplish more than scoldings or punishments for misbehavior.
3. All measures of discipline and training should be aimed at the child's own good—never at gratification of the parents' desires.
4. It is vitally important to be consistent. If we punish a child for a certain action at one time and let him "get away" with it at another—just because we aren't quite up to practicing patience and understanding to the very limit—then we're doing the child a wrong, and storing up trouble for the future.
5. It is often possible to correct a wrongdoing by providing the child with a substitute activity. Are we sure our children have the kind of play materials they ought to have? Do they have playmates of their own age in the neighborhood? The small child is a little busybody. If he is not happily engaged in some constructive or enjoyable pastime, you may find him just as happily engaged in mischief!

B. Elementary School Children.

1. The child entering school faces his first big adjustment. Parents, and teachers, too, need to remember that rules must be reasonable if they expect the child to have a real desire to follow them.
2. Children are changing rapidly, and the reins with which we hold them in check should be loosened for each child according to his growth in independence. Parents should keep in mind, even now, that they are training their children for even-

(*See page* 29.)

tual freedom, and encourage them to make their own decisions whenever possible.
3. A sense of responsibility should be growing. Manners, neatness, health habits all come into the picture, and discipline in seeing that these habits develop along the right lines is often necessary.
4. It will help if parents will avoid too many "don't's," and put the emphasis on right behavior rather than on wrong. Right actions should come to be associated in the child's mind with pleasure.
5. Respect for the child's opinions, a listening ear and an understanding heart on the part of parents will go a long way toward warding off problems that call for actual punishment.

C. The Adolescent.

1. Adolescence is a period of transition. Because of physical changes, increased mental and emotional activity, they are apt to strain at the leash and try to break away from parental control. Parents must understand that this is a perfectly normal part of the young person's development.
2. Because no two people are alike, no standard can be set for dealing with the outbursts of adolescence. But one thing is always indicated: the adolescent must not be scoffed at, or treated as a child. A superior attitude on the part of parents is taboo. After all, these boys and girls are rapidly approaching adulthood.
3. The adolescent boy or girl in your home will be safer and happier if he or she has a hobby to pursue. You can help by providing the proper tools, materials or equipment with which to work and play.
4. Young people at this age are ripe for idealism. Seize this golden opportunity to draw them closer to a real personal religion. Discipline is not too grave a problem for parents whose boys and girls find satisfaction in the religious and social life of their own churches, among groups of congenial young people who think and act as they do.

III. General Discussion.

A. Behavior versus conduct.

1. A child's behavior more or less implies his mode of acting in the presence of others, and often refers to purely external relations.
2. Conduct implies the moral or ethical aspect of the child's actions in relation to life about him.
3. Even good children have spells of "bad behavior" now and then —it is only normal. It is the child's **conduct**, in a sense, that parents should be most concerned about.

When Children Come Along

Plan to have a leader who may:

Direct a Workshop. Leader and children may use their imagination and ingenuity in making Thanksgiving decorations for the home, table favors, or place cards. Magazines, daily papers and public schools sometimes offer good suggestions. Or they may be found in books in the public library.

Direct Games. See the October, 1950, issue of this magazine for suggestions.

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in the primary and junior story papers and in this magazine.

IV. Illustrations.

A. Five-year-old Tod and his parents had moved into a new home, and his mother was constantly

(*Continued on page* 40.)

Corn-Husk Hobby

by
VERNA
GRISIER
McCULLY

THE BEST PART about a corn-husk hobby is that it costs almost nothing. All you need are corn husks and some coarse thread. A group of you, a class or club, can follow the hobby together, or any boy or girl can make things alone, or with members of the family.

Corn-husk articles are useful, too, for home, in a classroom, or as gifts for friends. They include mats and coasters, seat mats for porch, picnics or outdoor meetings, shallow trays for sandwiches, fruit or other refreshments, or for taking up a collection. Two mats sewed together make a fine bag to hold picnic lunch, bathing suits, books and so on. You can also make sandals for summer wear, or for bedroom slippers.

Husks can come from sweet corn or field corn. Pull them off while still soft and green, then let them dry. The best husks are the finer inside ones. Choose those from the longest ears. The longer they are, the easier they are to braid.

Split husks so each piece is about an inch wide. Dip dried husks in water for a minute, to make them soft and easy to handle. All the things are fashioned by sewing braids together, so first you must have a long braid. Begin with three pieces, as in figure A. The ends are not placed evenly. This is to avoid adding new pieces to all three strands at the same place. Tie the three uneven ends together, then start to braid. See figure B. When one strand becomes too short, place another strip of husk over it and continue to braid. Add other pieces as needed. See figure C. Braid until you have a strip a yard long. If the husks become stiff, wet them again.



Easiest to make are round mats or coasters like figures I and H. A coaster should be about four inches across. Begin by sewing one end of braid into a flat loop as in figure D. Keep sewing round and round, edge to edge, holding the braid flat so the mat will be flat. See figure E. Continue until you have a coaster. Cut off the braid, slip the end under and sew it there. Dampen the little mat and press it flat with the palm of your hand.

To make a bigger mat, keep sewing more braid around. For a bag like figure K, make two large mats the same size. Eight to twelve inches is practical. Whip them together except at the top. Add small braid handles. If a braid you have is not long enough, add to it, then continue to sew the newly lengthened braid round and round.

Square or oblong mats are also easy to make. They should be at least eight inches in size. Begin by

sewing a braid back and forth, as in figure N. Be sure to keep this flat. Dampen, so it is easier to turn sharp corners. Continue to sew the braid together, back and forth. Then sew the end entirely around, forming a border, as in figure O.

For a seat mat, begin as in figure F. Roll the braid so the flat sides are together, and the edges of the braid are at the top and bottom of the mat. Sew as shown in figure G. This makes a thick, firm mat. It also takes more braid, so you need a longer piece. Ten to twelve inches is a good size for a seat mat. See figure L.

For a shallow tray, make a thick mat like figure L, but only six or eight inches across. Do not cut off the end of the braid, but bring it up around the top, sewing it to the edge of the mat, to form a rim. See tray M. Bring the end back down to the heavy part and fasten there.

For sandals, make soles first. Fold a strip of braid back on itself so it is double for four inches. Make this longer if your foot is large. Whip the two braids flat together. See figure P. Wind the braid around this long center, sewing it round and round. Keep the braid damp and shape the sole, making heel narrower than toe. Continue until the sole is large enough to fit.

Make right and left soles. Pin a braid across the toe rather far up. Try this on to find the correct size. Then sew it. Whip down both ends. Slip the sandal on and pin on the back or heel strap. See figures R and S. Sew the strap in place. Fix both sandals. They are now ready to wear.

If you wish to make fancy corn-husk articles, first dye the husks in boiled dye. Allow dyed husks to dry, then dampen before braiding, as already explained. One or more colors can be braided together, or different colors combined when sewing the braids together. The results are very attractive.

A Car Puzzle

By Eleanor Hammond

Fill the blank spaces with the letters that make the right words.

A baby may ride in a car- - - - - -.

A car _ likes to live in a pool.
When you get your report car _ at school
To car _ _ it home is the rule.

You may sing sweet car _ _ _ at Christmas.
A car _ _ _ belongs on a floor.
Cooked car _ _ _ _ you eat by the score
Even though you like car- _ _ _ _ _ more.

Answers

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CARD CARROTS
CARP CARPET
CARRIAGE CAROLS

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Study Guide

(From page 37.)

telling him how careful he must be to keep everything spotless and shining. She was amazed when she went to Tod's room at naptime one day, and saw a huge fish drawn in bold black pencil on the lovely pastel wall. She was about to administer a spanking, when Tod's father arrived. He frankly admired the drawing. "Quite an artist we have here!" he observed. Whereupon he took Tod downtown and bought him a set of drawing pencils and papers, explaining that the paper was to be drawn on after this—and not the wall. The boy developed considerable skill, and the wall was not touched again. This type of treatment worked with Tod—would it be successful with your child? If not, how would you have handled this situation?

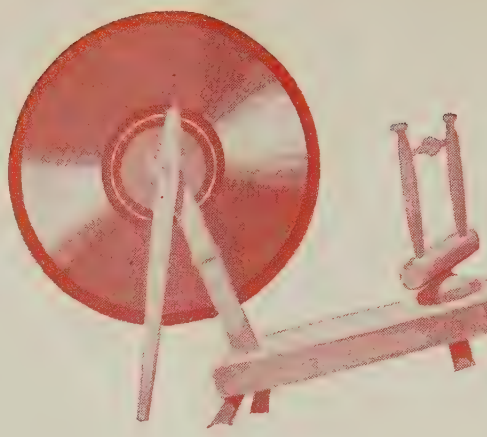
B. Linda was eight years old, and lived just across the street from the church which her family attended. She was especially happy when engaged in group activities. So her mother was surprised when Linda announced one Sunday morning, "I don't think I'll go to Sunday school today—Peggy doesn't go. Why do I have to?" Her Mother answered quietly, "You don't have to, Linda. You may stay home." Linda sat at the window and watched the children entering the church. She saw them come out an hour later, laughing and talking together. On the following Sunday, Linda was the first member of the family ready for church. "I decided I was missing something!" she explained to her mother. If your child refused to go to Sunday school, how would you deal with her? Knowing her as you do, would you dare follow this mother's method of self-discovery, or would it be necessary to use other means of persuasion?

V. Additional Reading Sources.

Articles—"As Your Children See You," by Katherine Clifford. *Parents' Magazine,* March, 1950. "We Wouldn't Let You Have a child," by Amy Selwyn. *Better Homes and Gardens,* April, 1950.

Booklet—*Discipline,* by James L. Hymes Jr. from the Parent-Teacher Series, published by the Bureau of Publications of Teacher's College.

Book—*New Ways of Discipline,* by Dorothy W. Baruch. Published by Whittlesey House.



The Spinning Wheel

By Joey Sasso

Singing Games, songs by Donald Dame (MGM Children's Record). Another fine children's record to add to the list of excellent single records and albums Betty Martin is producing for MGM Records: It will be praised by child, parent, and educator alike! This time she has chosen to record a series of "play-along" singing games the lyrics of which are to be accompanied by various pantomimic activities by the child. For example, to each chorus of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (one of the games included on this single record) the child performs a different action: he sweeps the house, washes clothes, etc. The same holds true for each verse of the other games included, "Looby Lous" and "Did You Ever See a Lassy?" Donald Dame, radio's famous vocal star, and Alexander Cores, the excellent conductor for many fine MGM children's sets, perform their tasks with enthusiasm and spontaneity. A word of praise is also due to the musical arrangements by the talented young Canadian composer, Dorothy Cadzoe (note, for example the "sweeping" effect in the orchestra as the child is instructed to sweep the house in "Mulberry Bush").

"Little Nipper" Storybook Album, Peter and the Wolf (RCA Victor). Here is Serge Prokofieff's delightful melodic story of heroic Peter and his friends, who set out to capture the wolf armed only with a pop-gun. Sterling Holloway narrates the tale on these records, just as he did in the Walt Disney film adaptation of this adventure. Humorous animals each depicted by a different musical instrument, and 24 brightly colored pages that fully illustrate the story, will charm and entrance child listeners of all ages.

Little Nipper Storybook Album, Little Black Sambo (RCA Victor) Animal sound effects and simple, enjoyable music provides a realistic background for Sambo's amusing adventures with the tigers and his feast of 169 pancakes which provides the triumphant ending. As popular with children today as it was in your time and mine.

Little Nipper Storybook Album, The Little Engine That Could (RCA Victor). The story of the toy train that couldn't quite get over the big mountain and the determined Little Blue Engine that came to its rescue will provide many hours of captivating and instructive entertainment. It's the cutest little train that ever was, carrying toys from the town of Hither for all the boys and girls who lived in the village of Yon.

Margaret O'Brien Albums. (Capitol Children's Records Vol. 1. Two exciting fairy tales, "The Three Billy Goats Gruff" and "The Town Musicians," as told by the kiddies' own star, with sound effects and music.

Vol. 3. "Let's Fly to Mexico." Famous star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, and radio and records, plays the parts of herself and of a little Mexican girl in a manner that will charm both children and adults.

Satie: Gymopedie No. 1, Orchestrated by Claude Debussy (RCA Victor Red Seal Single). Though Serge Koussevitsky has left the podium of the Boston Symphony, the miracle of tone he wrought is preserved on the records he made for the Red Seal label. Such records as this are part of the legacy of beauty. Noted as a champion of new and comparatively unfamiliar music which he felt had special merit, Koussevitsky is generously represented in his Red Seal repertoire with such off-the-beaten-track works as this one by an early 20th-century French composer. Satie's ideas and his music also exerted influence on the Ravel and Debussy.

Levant Plays Debussy, Oscar Levant, piano (Columbia Masterworks Album). The versatile Oscar Levant, who is pianist, composer, movie actor, and witty authority on diverse subjects, recently recorded an album of ten exquisite Debussy compositions. These include the Serenade for the Doll, Minstrels, General Lavine Eccentric, two Arabesques, The Sunken Cathedral. Mr. Levant has a rare feeling for the delicate impressionism and musical color of the great French composer, and thus adds a new facet to the varied music he has recorded for Columbia.

TOYS FOR TOTS —WE MAKE OUR OWN

by Eleanor Hammond

The little people will love these! Simple toys in bright colors that are inexpensive to make and (best of all) are perfectly safe.

IT WAS THE yellow duck that started us making toys for Sonny. There are some excellent toys for tots on the market—but the yellow duck was not one of them. The yellow duck came to pieces the first day Sonny played with it. We extracted one glass eye from Sonny's mouth and got the duck's wire legs away from him before he swallowed them or put out his eyes with them. Unfortunately there are more yellow ducks than good toys in the stores. Most really sturdy toys are expensive.

Grandmother may tell you that Sonny and Susie would rather play with the saucepans and spoons than with any bought toys. This is often true but sometimes inconvenient for the cook. Besides Sonny early developes a sense of ownership.

We have solved at least part of the toy problem by making a good many of our own toys. Some of these are our own inventions. Some are adaptations of regular toys. Some are things Grandmother used to make. But all of them will "take it" when a normally lively two-to-four-year-old plays with them. None of them cost much except a little labor.

A tin tower delights Sonny endlessly. His consists of five empty cans of graduated sizes. The biggest is a number 2½ can, the sort tomatoes come in. The top story is a baby food can. Not only will these delightful tins build a tower. They will nest one inside the other—a process which intrigues most three-year-olds. Of course the cans must have smooth edges inside, but running them around several times with the can opener will usually smooth down the edges nicely. We painted each can in a different bright shade of enamel inside and out—blue, green, yellow, orange and red to make them extra attractive. Sonny learned the names of the colors that way.

A clothespin can proved another big success. For this we used an empty coffee tin. The wooden pins are stored inside when Sonny is not playing his "game" with them. With the same bright enamels we painted stripes on the can, inside and out. We painted old-fashioned wooden clothespins in the same colors. Every small child seems to love putting the pins a-straddle the edge of the can. The "game" is to put a yellow pin on top of a yellow stripe and so on all the way around—though if Sonny decides to put a red pin on a yellow stripe and an orange pin on a green one nobody says a word, of course. He is having fun—and learning manual dexterity and colors.

Tin building blocks are another use for the humble food containers. To save confusion with the tower tins, we used milk cans, plugging the small holes where the milk had come out with dabs of wood putty, then painting the two-ended cans all over. The blocks are light to handle and all sorts of "houses" can be built with them. The advantages over bought sets of wooden blocks are that this tin sort come "for free"—and the supply endless. Any play room that has space for a big carton to store milk-can blocks, can be supplied with enough of the units to satisfy the most ardent young builder. We have added some small boards from wooden boxes for roof making. These, like the cans, are painted to look attractive and to give them extra smoothness.

Spool beads delight any youngster just old enough to learn to thread things on a string. It takes some saving to get together enough empty spools for an adequate set, but female friends and relatives are always ready to help. The spools look more interesting if they are painted, but are just as fascinating to string if they aren't. The string Sonny uses has a small spool tied firmly to one end and a match stick fastened to the other end, by winding with adhesive tape, to give it the proper stiffness.

A spool zoo is not one of the sturdier toys in our playroom, but it promises to furnish a good many hours of amusement before it goes to the Land of Broken Toys. Each beast has a front elevation and a rear elevation cut from heavy cardboard and a spool body between. Draw around the end of the spool on a piece of cardboard, then add a beast's head above and two legs below for the front end. To the other spool-size circle you add hind legs and an

(*Continued on page* 43.)

WANTED:

Families to Share HOMES

So many children desperately need homes. Can you share yours with them?

by
Janet Chandler

HAS YOUR FAMILY considered sharing your home with a child who is temporarily in need of care away from his own family? Because of the widespread need for foster homes, child welfare agencies in many large cities have carried on extensive home-finding campaigns by means of the radio, newspapers, and talks.

Perhaps you have thought of taking a child, but aren't sure how to go about it. What's more, you aren't entirely sure you want to do it, anyhow. What if the child turned out to be a problem?

There are certain things you'll want to consider carefully before you decide whether your family is one of those which can and should share its home. One is whether all members of your family like children. Not just your child, all children. And not just one member of your family, or even four out of five members of the family—all family members. If your Johnny is jealous of other children, chances are he'd resent a newcomer with whom he'd be expected to share not only his toys and playmates but his parents as well. If an elderly grandparent is part of your family group and children "get on his nerves," a foster child should not be considered, in fairness to both the child and the older person.

Another essential point to think about! While you'd be expected to treat the foster child as a part of your family while he is living with you, most children, except tiny babies, are attached to their own parents or at least to a relative or two. It will be part of your job as a good foster parent to share the child's love with these others, sometimes even when the own parents may not seem to you like very desirable or adequate parents. Yet unless the court has ruled that the parents are unfit and should not be allowed to see the child, they have the right to maintain their relationship. Sometimes the foster parents' faith in the own parents' ability to reestablish a home for their child does wonders in rehabilitating the family. What better way to follow the Golden Rule!

Possibly you are interested in caring for children chiefly because it sounds like a simple way to make money at home. If so, you're headed for disillusionment; foster parents reap a rich harvest—but not in material rewards.

Child welfare agencies make no pretense of paying salaries to boarding parents. They do try to meet actual expenses of providing the child with board, room and care. In many rural communities, $20 to $25 a month is usual. Before the war, board payments were even less—$15 to $18 a month. Urban homes receive slightly more usually, because of higher living expenses, up to $25 or $30 a month, and, in exceptional cases, when the child requires special care, this may be increased. Boarding parents ordinarily are not expected to pay for medical or dental expense, school supplies, clothing, or allowances. Rates and methods of payment, of course, vary with both the agency and the section of the country.

In the past, some foster parents have attempted to "make it pay" by taking five or six children at a time. This is definitely discouraged. Few agencies place more than four children in one home nowadays, and consider that one or two do better. Most children in need of foster care are literally starved for affection and the point of diminishing returns is quickly reached when foster parents' love has to be spread too thin, social workers believe.

Another question which needs settling is what age child you want to consider. Homes for boys and girls in their teens are in great demand. Many parents heave a sigh when their own young are safely through adolescence. They have no slightest wish to take on someone else's child at this critical age.

Hopefully, though, you may be among the comparatively few undaunted and adventurous people who like adolescents and like helping them win their way to maturity and independence. People who can let kids act 25 one minute and 2.5 the next, without becoming unduly alarmed about either fluctuation. Who have infinite capacity for listening and laughing, and infinite restraint in the matter of nagging. Who can love and set limits at the same time, so that the limiting is accepted by the adolescent as part of the loving. As one young girl put it, "If Aunt Mary

didn't give a hoot when I came in, I'd know she didn't love me any more."

Good "baby homes" are as hard to find as homes for teen agers, and as treasured. Not everybody knows how to care competently for a baby, for one thing, working in close cooperation with the social worker, nurse and pediatrician. Also, not all those who would be able to offer good care want to be tied down to a 24-hour-a-day job. Boiling diapers, making formulas, and keeping clinic appointments has the same tendency to cramp one's social life when you're doing these things for someone else's baby as it did when Johnny was a baby.

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY is that it's a painful experience to watch a baby through his first smile, first coo, first babbling crow of recognition, and all the other endearing firsts of a baby's first few months—and then give him back to his mother, or to some other family for adoption. There is tremendous satisfaction in the knowledge that you've given him a fine start, and you will have had a lot of fun along the way. Better not try it, though, unless you're sure you can give him up gracefully when the time comes.

If you're still not discouraged—and I hope you're not, for you're badly needed—by all means write your nearest child welfare agency that you want to offer a foster home to one of the children for whom it is responsible. You'll be welcomed with open arms—and given an early appointment.

After this initial "get acquainted" interview, the agency's social worker will visit you in your home, providing both you and the agency want to continue. She will want to meet every member of your family and see how each feels about sharing the home. Probably she will talk with a friend or two, and certainly with your minister and doctor. Most agencies require a recent physical examination, as a protection to the foster child. And partly as protection to your family, foster children are given regular and careful examinations.

The agency's next job, after you're officially approved, and the Division of Child Welfare has issued a license for you to board a certain number of children, is to find the right child for you. Matching the needs of a child with the needs of a foster family for a child is a delicate, painstaking job. The worker tells you about the proposed child and his family, why he needs care, and how the agency thinks you may be able to help him. The child and his family are told about you as a family, and usually at least one visit, perhaps several, are arranged before the child actually comes to live with you. The first time he may stay an hour, the next time for dinner. Possibly a week-end visit may seem desirable. Naturally, how much preparation is possible varies with the agency and accessibility of your home.

You've decided, and so has the agency, that it's worth a serious try. And by serious I don't mean taking a child one day and telephoning the next to demand his removal. The agency will work with you to make it a success. Your husband has promised to make Bob a wren house. Your Johnny has proudly offered to share his football—and dog.

The fateful day has arrived. Bob is moving in with you, bringing his nine years of being someone else's boy right along with him. He won't be changing in a day, week, even a month. Learning to live together will be traveling unexplored country for both you and Bob. Bon voyage!

Toys for Tots

(*From page* 41.)

appropriate tail. A little glue holds the front, middle and hind end of the beast together and it can be painted with stripes, spots or patches that suit a pony, zebra or cow. A couple of evenings' work will fill a toy zoo of really noble proportions.

Picture books for the child who is just learning to turn pages for himself can be made sturdy enough to withstand a lot of use by making the pages of the scrapbook from shirt boards. Cut in half, these pieces of light cardboard make pages of about the right size. Holes can be punched near one edge for binding. A shoe lace makes an excellent string to use for tying the pages together—and they will last longer if you reinforce the holes in the cardboard with the small gummed circles which sell at any stationery store for about 10 cents a hundred. Colored pictures of simple familiar things pasted on smoothly, one to a page, are the best idea.

Rag kittens made from bright colored socks are something we borrowed from Grandmoher. She used to make them of long black stockings—but we think bright socks are even better. Old socks do beautifully if not too faded. Cut the foot end into three equal strips. Turn the sock inside out and sew the top across strongly on the machine—a curving seam that dips down in the middle. The corners are to make the kitten's ears. Then turn the sock right side out again and stuff the body firmly with cotton or cut up bits of cloth. Braid the three strips firmly to make the kitten's tail. Sew the braid firmly at the end—but firmly! The tail is the most fascinating part of the kitten and may be used for holding, swinging and pulling. A few good strong stitches are indicated at the beginning of the tail, too, where the stuffing may leak. Small buttons can be sewed on for the kitten's eyes, or the eyes, like the rest of the face, can be made with embroidery thread. A ribbon knotted firmly around the kitten's neck may have a small bell threaded on it if you like, but be sure to make a square knot in the ribbon before you tie the ends into an ornamental bow. The bow won't come undone at once if you sew it. A family of sock kittens may be as varied as to colors and patterns as any alley litter. They are the easiest-to-make stuffed toys we have found and one of the best loved. I think it's those braided tails!

Making toys is fun—and the "makings" of the simple but satisfactory ones described here are to be found in any home.

doing the IMPO

by Hazel Cochran

This is a true story, a testimony of faith and courage.

IN A SMALL Wyoming hospital a young woman tossed in delirium and torture on her narrow white bed. A competent nurse hovered near. Outside the door a kind old doctor, with a hand sympathetically placed on the young husband's shoulder, was talking in low tones. "I'm sorry, John. I've done everything possible to save Susan's leg, but it looks like amputation is all that will save her life."

Sweat stood out on the anguished husband's brow. His ruddy face blanched. "Oh, Doc," he implored. "You've got to save that leg. I won't let you take it off. Isn't there someone, somewhere, that can help you do it?"

"There is an excellent bone specialist in Denver who might be able to, if anyone can. There's the risk of delay and moving her. She's a mighty sick girl. Don't build up too much false hope. I'll call the specialist immediately, get his opinion, and see if he will take the case. If so, I'll go along with you," promised the doctor.

After phone consultation with the famous surgeon they decided to take chances. The drawing-room on the local passenger train was reserved. Both doctor and husband did everything within their power to help Susan endure the ordeal.

During the night a freight train nearly ran into them. The Pullman's drawing-room was on the extreme end of the train and would have been the first hit. Frantic engineers did the impossible. They felt some power besides theirs had averted disaster.

Susan had been a healthy, lovely, vivacious creature, very much in love with her tall, handsome husband. During their five years of married life she had known few well days. Their first baby was taken with instruments. The birth of their second child also proved to be a hard time for Susan. The doctor gave her a little time to regain strength, then operated to do repair work and remove an ovarian tumor. Kidney infection set in. Influenza followed with a complete nervous exhaustion. The grandparents took care of the two husky boys. They spent the winter in California for Susan's nerves, then returned to the ranch for John's in the spring.

Barely on her feet again, she had gone with friends for a short auto trip. A blowout caused the car to overturn. The others escaped injury but both of Susan's legs were broken. The right bone, that was causing so much trouble, was shattered at the ankle, extending through the flesh and pinning her leg to the ground.

Arriving in Denver, an ambulance met the train and rushed them to the hospital. The renowned doctor, after examination, looked grim. Sadly shaking his head, he gathered his colleagues for consultation. They finally decided to try the impossible. All the husband could do was pray, which he did, constantly, with the added assurance that their Christian friends back home were doing the same. The best doctors and nurses worked over her continually. The crisis was reached. Gradually the fever subsided. John and their family doctor went home. For months Susan lay there, spent and emaciated, as the doctors waited for all infection to abate before they dared operate. Just what kind of legs she would have was most uncertain, but her life had been spared.

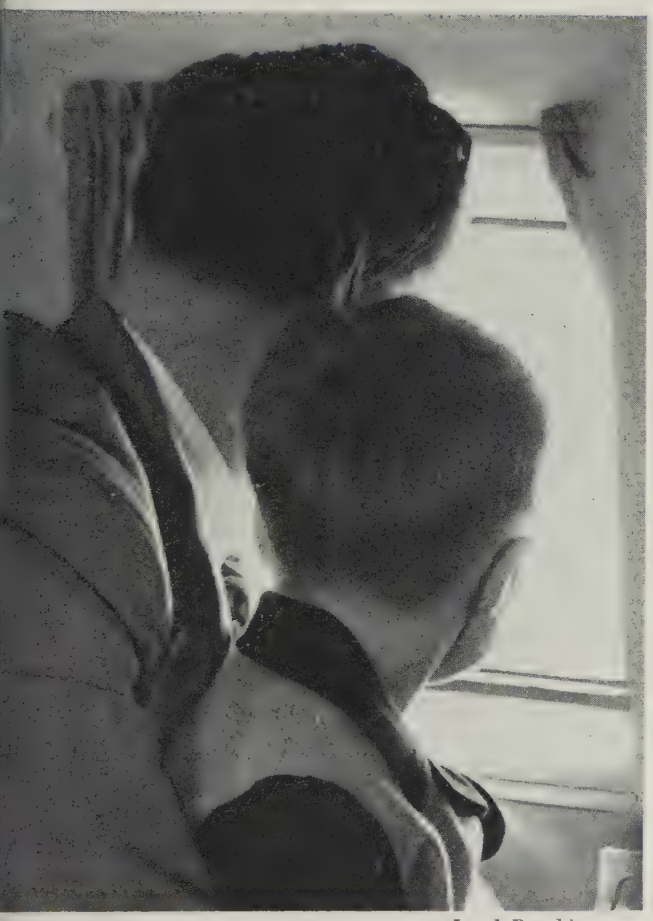
In the meantime John struggled on the Wyoming ranch alone with their two small sons and two hundred head of cattle. That was "the hard winter" all stockmen well remember. Lots of snow early in October, the thermometer dropped to 30 below zero and kept on going down as the winter progressed and never came up until April. All of the grain and hay, even sagebrush, willows and young trees were consumed by the ravenous, frozen stock. Fantastic prices were paid for inferior shipped-in feed. In spite of everything the loss was terrific. The few cattle that did survive looked so miserable one felt it would have been kindness to shoot them.

John struggled valiantly on, already so deeply in debt he didn't dare think about it; only nothing else mattered, if Susan would get well and strong again.

Through it all they found courage to go on. The neighbors met in a little country church on Sundays, to worship God. They gathered in the homes on Wednesday nights for prayer and Bible study. They always remembered Susan several hundred miles away in her expensive private room with special nurses and great doctors.

ONE MORNING after the bone-specialist's examination his careworn old face beamed. "Why Susan, a miracle has happened to you. The bone has begun to knit—and it's straight! We've been waiting for the infection to clear up so we could build some new legs. It would have meant trimming off the jagged edges of bone, putting on a clamp, awaiting results,

IBLE



—*Jacob Deschin.*

Waiting and praying—for the impossible.

then operating again to remove the clamp. At best, your right leg would have been much shorter than the left. We doubted, because of your weakened condition, that the bone would knit. We can only give God the praise, for this far exceeds my fondest hopes for you and makes me very happy.'' Susan felt great joy and relief but was too weak to comprehend all that was happening to her.

In a couple of weeks the other doctors were called in to examine the leg and could scarcely believe what they saw. They agreed she would be as good as new and able to do anything with as strong a union as that; ''except, perhaps, ballet dancing,'' added one young doctor, flippantly. Susan didn't intend to use her new legs that way, anyhow. But still the left leg stuck out ridiculously from the knee, where it had been both broken and dislocated; and the right foot turned in. ''But look,'' sobbed Susan pointing to their pitiful condition. ''Surely I can never walk again, crippled like this.'' ''Young lady, it's your job to get well. This great doctor will straighten those legs out for you,'' promised his loyal assistant.

As soon as her strength permitted, John came down to be with her, and the wonderful operation to straighten her legs was performed. The glorious promise came true. They thanked God for the renewed strength and health which came to her rapidly, now. It was a year since she had walked. The casts were to be removed for good, soon and a new circulation had to be established, which was a slow, tedious process. The first day she tried out the crutches, with a nurse on either side, was a milestone but it left her weak and discouraged. The struggle to walk again was a tremendous drain on her vitality and courage. Eventually she managed the crutches alone. John made the trip once again, taking her home with him this time.

Thankfully he carried her over the threshold the second time. The reunion was almost too blissful to be true. Two radiant little boys had their mommie back to love them, sing to them, read and tell stories, play games, and do all the nice things that only mothers know.

Susan became strong, agile, and pretty again. They took a little orphan girl to raise and in time two more sons were born. Life was beautiful for this happy family. Everyone worked and played together. Debts were paid off and they even had a new car. Time passed quickly. The family was grown.

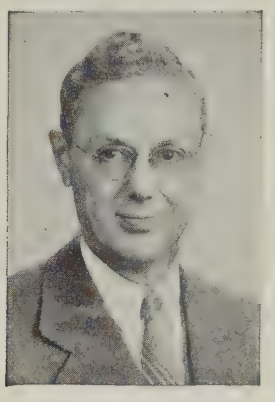
War came along. The boys went and the girl married. Lonesome around the old ranch. Susan took correspondence work with the state university, earning twenty-one credits, with which she renewed her teacher's certificate. For four years she taught the rural school, where John had met her twenty-five years before.

He took care of the stock alone and even helped Susan with the housework and cooking. She often depended on him to help her get the car out to the highway during stormy weather. Always, God's mercy and strength sustained them. Mighty hard to write cheerful letters when the boys were scattered all over the world in the most dangerous war zones. Buddies all around them were killed but the boys came through unharmed. They humbly thanked God. Glady would they have yielded, even if their boys' lives had been required.

(*Continued on page* 47.)

What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life

by J. D. Montgomery



During autumn months churches are again entering more vigorously into the regular activities and are therefore thinking anew certain elements of the church program. Too, this is the season when families may be guided in preparation for the proper observance of Thanksgiving and the Christmas season. So it is an opportune time to consider improvements which may be made or some new feature which may be added.

Mothers' Clubs

Mothers' clubs may be part of a local church program or they may develop into a community program as the one reported in this article. The Mothers' Club of the University Church of Christ, Buffalo, New York, was started about thirteen years ago and has extended and intensified its activities across the years.

This project of the University Church of Christ was intended to help mothers of the congregation. Its beginning was small with a group of some eight mothers who met in homes twice monthly. The activities of the club found a response on the part of mothers as they were helped better to meet the many duties which faced them daily in their homes and in the education of their children. As the club grew its services were enlarged and extended and took on the characteristics of a community program.

For the first five years the meetings were held in the homes of its members. During this time interest in the club and its work had grown to the extent that it was necessary to transfer the place of meetings from homes to the church where they have since been held. At the same time the organization took on a more formal character with the annual election of officers: president, two vice-presidents, a secretary and a treasurer. Three study groups are constituted on an annual basis and there are nine committees. The club is affiliated with the Buffalo Federation of Women's Clubs, and with the Council of Churches. For the past ten years the annual programs have been printed in booklet form, giving the themes for each meeting and the names of the officers for the year. The meetings are held twice monthly, beginning the second half of September and running through May with a total of seventeen meetings.

The purpose of the club centers in family life education and operates on the principle of mutual sharing as mothers face the practical issues of daily living in the home. Also, it fosters a live interest in civic affairs and promotes child welfare. There are no formal dues and no commitment of purpose is required of its members. While an annual donation is made to the church, there are no planned programs for the raising of money.

The annual program provides two types of monthly meetings, one treats some theme of special interest with an outside speaker and the other consists of three discussion courses with a permanent leader of each. These courses during the year 1949-1950 dealt with "Parenthood Is What You Make It," "Social Hygiene" and "Book Reviews." The monthly themes with special speakers were "Emotional Growth," "The Feeling of Rejection" (Movie), "Wills and Won'ts," "Cancer," "The Work of the F.B.I.," "The Neglected Child," "Interior Decoration," and "Parade of Parasol and Umbrella" (dinner).

Family Festivals

Family festivals held in the Des Plaines church, as reported by Mabel Brehm, are planned as an opportunity for families to have fun, and to experience the satisfaction that comes from doing things together. The planning for these festivals is done by a committee of couples appointed by the church's Fellowship Activities Committee.

The first festival was called a "Fall Frolic." As soon as the outline is presented, ideas begin to pop, and something distinctive and original emerges. All festivals have included a family pot-luck supper, singing, folk games, stunt activities, a serious presentation of some area related to family living, and a brief closing worship service. The festivals never run later than 9:30 P.M.

Some committee members could not see the value of simple games in which both children and parents were expected to participate. They said, "These games are only for children; why can't we sit and watch while the children play 'Ach Ya!' " This was before they had attended a festival. The father who said that was pulled into "Ach Ya!" by his radiant little daughter when she was told to seek a partner, and he was the last one to stop playing when the music ended.

Here is the plan for the one held last spring, "Far-Away Places," named after the popular song and providing an international theme. Name tags of different colors were pinned on as people arrived.

Pot-luck supper with families together; singing at tables.

Clearing and putting away of tables by men while others tried to identify outlines of states pinned on the walls.

Game—Ach Ya! (German folk game).

Division into groups by colors.

Skits by each group showing costumes, folk games, songs, etc., from other countries. (Leaders selected ahead of time and asked to be prepared with supplies from which to make costumes and properties.)

Serious presentation of "Homes Around the World"—done by real church families.

Worship service following the same theme, recalling our brotherhood with other families.

Benediction by the minister.

The only problem with family festivals, Mabel Brehm reports, is that they have become so popular that all reservations cannot be accepted. While all can be taken for supper, floor space is overly crowded for games. Perhaps games can be set up in more than one room. The family festivals cannot be stopped. They have become an anticipated part of the total church program.

Doing the Impossible

(*From page* 45.)

The marvelous day came when the war ended. The family had high hopes of spending Christmas together. This was Susan's constant prayer. Two weeks to go and nothing happened. Suddenly, they were in the States. Discharge would come in time but it seemed to them the Army was awfully slow. Still a few days to plan and hope and pray. Then they came stringing in one by one. Such a family reunion!

TOO BAD Tom couldn't make it. Poor kid, he had been in longer than any of them—no furloughs—stuck over in that miserable hole in India for four years. Must be in the States; someone had seen his name among New York troop arrivals.

Christmas dinner was overcooked. Everybody was starved. Three o'clock. Foolish to wait dinner on a boy she hadn't heard from for three months. Still Susan delayed. Wait until that last bus came.

John carved the turkey. Susan put on the finishing touches. No more trains or buses in till evening. The radio blared forth the news that thousands of soldiers were stranded all over the country without transportation. Why should she expect *four* sons when some mothers didn't have any?

Nevertheless, her eyes were glued on the road. She breathed one more little prayer. A car was in sight. Of course, it might be 'most anybody. It stopped at their gate. Out stepped her own son. He had gone clear around the world to get home—but thank God, there he was. With a glad cry she was running like a girl who had never broken her legs. She was in his arms. The rest of the family were not far behind. Surely God was there, too! I know, for I am Susan, who claims the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, *even* unto the end of the world."

Biblegram Solution

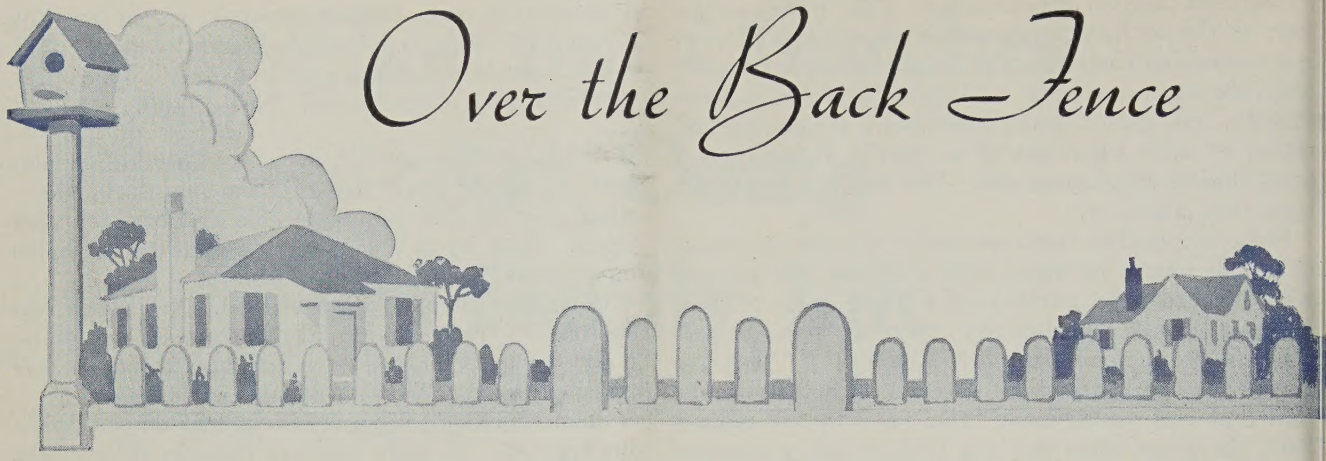
(*See page* 13.)

"Give thanks unto the LORD, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him, talk ye of all his wondrous works." 1 Chronicles 16, 8-9)

The Words

A Turkey
B Soon
C Knock
D Sad
E Unfit
F Solomon
G Whim
H Psalms
I Loose
J Huge
K Thanks
L Ship
M Weave
N Maiden
O Lone
P Nomad
Q Till
R Pumpkin
S Shun
T Rested
U Ghost
V Hallow
W Ingathering

Over the Back Fence



It Is November

November means different things to different areas of our country, so far as weather and climate are concerned. But to all of us it means that the month for National Thanksgiving has returned.

From the vantage point of a hot July day it is impossible to see what will be the mood of this Thanksgiving. However, it is probably safe to say that it will not be a time of carefree and unrestrained rejoicing. Unless all of the crises of the world have been resolved we can assume that most of the thoughts of men will be long and sobering thoughts. It is even conceivable that by the time this is read the border warfare in Korea may have become a world conflagration. We earnestly pray that such will not be the case.

In either situation what happens to the spirit of Thanksgiving?

One lesson that is hard for any of us to learn is that the real spirit of Thanksgiving is not dependent upon pleasant circumstances. We need to meditate upon those simple yet profound words of Paul "in everything give thanks," or as the Revised Standard Version puts it more clearly, "give thanks in all circumstances." Too often when things are not exactly rosy we whiningly complain, "What is there to be thankful for?"

Notice that Paul does not say, "Give thanks *for* all circumstances." It is the Christian faith, today as it was in Paul's day, that no situation is so bad that thanksgiving is utterly impossible. A heartbroken father, holding in his hand the telegram which told of his son's death in action during World War II, cried out to his pastor, "Where was God when my son was killed?"

"Slowly and thoughtfully with infinite compassion the minister replied, "Just where he was when his own son was killed."

Yes, God was at Calvary. For *that* we can give thanks.

The Conversion of a Doctor

"Medical students as a rule are not remarkable for their reverence," said A. J. Cronin in an article last summer in the *Woman's Home Companion.* It was true in his case and he went into his medical practice thinking of God as an outworn myth.

Cronin left the practice of medicine to take up writing as a converted believer in God. In his article he attributes his conversion to his observation of the power of faith in the simple lives of his patients and many of his co-workers. Coal miners singing "O God, our help in ages past," as they were freed from the depths of entombment following a mine explosion, a middle-aged nurse who was satisfied with her salary if "God knows she is worth more," a little boy who destroyed with a simple question the elaborate arguments of an atheistic scientist, all had their part to play in the process.

No testimony is more dynamic and persuasive that the silent witness of a firm and steadfast faith in the midst of life's storm and stress. Here is one of the truest marks of a Christian family. Such a family may never realize how much influence it exerts in leading even sceptics like Cronin to vital faith in God.

Now More Than Ever

Last June *Religious News Service* reported that the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World had sent letters to 35,000 persons urging them to sponsor home meetings "to discuss prayerfully" the leading issues now confronting the United Nations." At that time the Korean situation had not developed to the breaking point. In fact the letter of the Laymen's Movement did not even list it among the five issues which it named: atomic energy, President Truman's Point Four program to aid under-developed areas, trusteeships, the China question, and human rights.

Such meetings are needed now more than ever. The United Nations is in greater need of the resources of "fervent prayer" than it was before the cold war became hot. Let voices be raised in our homes in prayer for the men who still struggle to bring the nations together in peace and good will.

Topping All as a Christmas Gift . . .



For . . .
MOTHER . . . to add joy to her day.
FAMILY . . . to make the most of precious moments together.
SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS . . . to extend study through the week.
JOHN AND MARY—who married last month.
CAROLYN . . . away at college.
KEN . . . in the service.

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